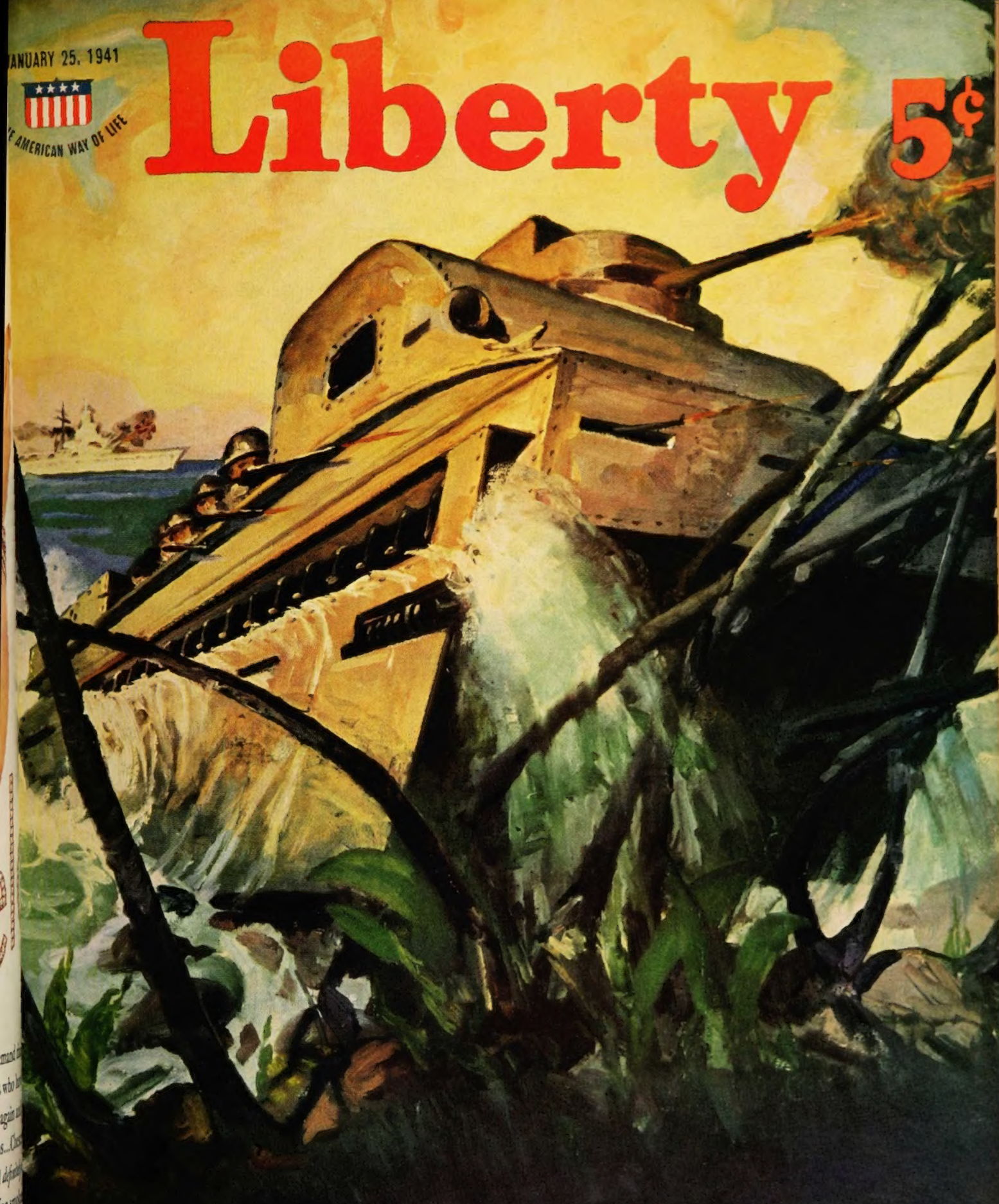
ANUARY 25, 1941

E AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty

5¢



UNCLE SAM'S AMAZING SEAGOING TANK

Inventor Tells All About It in This Issue

Pour GLENMORE *..you get more*

Down here in Old Kentucky, we hold quality in mighty high esteem. And quality, Sir, is character by another name. The character of our fine Glenmore liquor has been the jealous stewardship of one family for 69 uninterrupted years. That's a proud record unequalled anywhere. Today this heritage is revealed in Glenmore's distinctive flavor, its rich mellow smoothness. If you want real honest-to-goodness quality, try Glenmore. You can pay more for a whiskey, but your money can't buy a better Bourbon at any price.

FROM THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE

Do you See 6-year old Peggy?
No! I see a Girl Planning her Trousseau.

Will she be a Charming Bride?
Yes, Beautiful—her Smile's so Lovely!

To what does She owe this Lovely Smile?
Perhaps to a Habit she learned as a Child—Ipana and Massage!

Protect your smile! Keep your gums healthier, your teeth brighter... with the help of Ipana and Massage.

SHE STILL PLAYS with dolls and she goes to bed by seven. But Peggy's a beauty specialist when it comes to her own bright smile ... for, far better than her parents, Peggy understands the modern care of teeth and gums.

Indeed today, thousands of youngsters know what their parents still have to learn... that *gums* as well as teeth need regular care. They are taught in their classrooms that our soft, creamy, modern foods deny gums the exercise and stimulation they often need for health. No wonder gums tend to become weak and tender... and signal their condition with a tinge of "pink"!

Be Warned by "Pink Tooth Brush"!

"Pink tooth brush" may not mean serious trouble... but it *is* a warning. If you see it ... *see your dentist!* He may merely tell you that your gums need stimulation. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage"!

For Ipana does more than clean teeth thoroughly. Used with massage, it's specially designed to aid the gums to health. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" you notice means that stimulation is awakening in the gum tissues... helping the gums to become firmer, stronger.

Get a tube of Ipana today. Begin using Ipana and massage... for sounder gums, sparkling teeth, a brighter smile!

Ipana Tooth Paste

JANUARY 25, 1941

Liberty

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

BRING THE SKELETONS OUT OF THE CLOSET

BERNARR MACFADDEN

One of the crimes against American civilization is the abortion racket, which, according to authoritative estimates, claims 1,000,000 victims every year. Another crime against American civilization is the stigma placed on illegitimate children. The two crimes are related. One stems from the other and the time has come for plain speaking about both.

It is quite appropriate to quote, right in the beginning, the statement of Walter White, who is the director of the Children's Home Society in Los Angeles. He is the sponsor of a half-hour broadcast over a national chain every Sunday. He says: "There is no such thing as illegitimate birth. There may be illegitimate parents, but the children cannot be blamed, and society should not brand them with a stigma that sometimes clings all through life."

To be sure, the victims can hide their identity by moving to another community, but they are always living under a cloud, fearful of disgrace, although it has been stated that some of our most brilliant people have been reproached with the term, "a love child."

But it is not illegitimacy, nor the associated disgrace, that has caused us to suggest "bringing the skeletons out of the closet." Specifically, it is the attitude of the general public toward this divergence from conventional rectitude.

When some erring, frightened girl finds that she is to become a mother, she faces a very serious problem. Is she to turn to abortion, which is likely to injure her for life and destroy her fertility? Or is she to face the disgrace associated with giving birth to an illegitimate child?

This is indeed an appalling problem, and there are many occasions when, to a large extent, the victim of this terrible dilemma is not by any means entirely to blame. There are often mitigating circumstances, which, if brought to light, would materially affect our attitude toward the victims.

When in Paris a few years after the first World War I had the opportunity of visiting a governmentally supervised home in which pregnant mothers, married or unmarried, were cared for without cost for several months previous to the birth of their babies and several months following. They would then be allowed to take their child with them, if desired, or they could give the government adoption privileges.

The object of these comments is to arouse public interest sufficiently to bring into being more organizations that will be helpful in this serious situation, but more specifically to ask for more Christian charity for the mothers who are brave enough to bear a child under such circumstances. Christ said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone," in His effort to protect an offender of the moral law, and His listeners slunk away in silence.

The injury that frequently results from tampering with the normal feminine functions could never be properly estimated. We are at this time preparing our boys for a fight to the finish in a war that may be fiendish in character, and it may last for many years; and do not for a minute acquire the idea that vigorous motherhood is not an important factor in the preservation of our national identity.

We cannot afford to be too sentimental. Too many pacifists and subversive agents are preaching what they call humanitarianism and what is really slackerism in the name of Christianity. If we expect to prepare to meet the violence and savagery of modern warfare, then we shall need to rely not only on guns and machines and men but on the help of the Church Militant. The Christian spirit is the spirit of freedom.

It is my contention that much of the disgrace associated with illegitimacy should be removed. Mr. White's statement that a child cannot be illegitimate can be enthusiastically endorsed.

We must find an effective remedy to prevent our future mothers from desecrating the fountain of life, something to deter them from massacring their feminine instincts through that diabolical measure, self-imposed abortion. Church and state should attack this problem in the same effective manner which they have adopted in their efforts to stamp out the venereal scourge. Syphilis and the associated diseases were a hidden evil that was destroying the race.

Bernarr Macfadden

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In a world of strife, there's peace in beer

In these bewildering times, where can a man turn to replenish the wells of his courage . . . to repair the walls of his faith?

• • •

You . . . and all men . . . need each day your hour of peace! A quiet hour, at evening, when you can shed the mantle of your worries and don the slippers of content. An old friend, music, a faithful dog . . . these belong to your hour of peace. So, too, does a glass of mellow beer or ale.

From time forgotten, beer has been man's beverage of moderation . . . a wholesome kindly drink that can bring refreshment to tired bodies, weary minds. Born of nature's bounty, beer and ale can do so much to make life sweeter, saner.

We who are privileged to transform the golden grain and fragrant hops into the beer your taste enjoys are jealous of its good name. We pledge ourselves to fight ceaselessly against every improper use of beer, whenever and wherever it appears.*

Won't you help us keep this great American beverage fit for the American way of life?

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

For instance, the Brewing Industry has put into operation a self-regulation program to improve beer and ale retailing. Now at work in 14 states and being extended. It is described in a booklet, sent free on request to United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C1, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

HELP
LOCATE THIS MAN!

CONVICTED
with 89,427 others of not having found the right tobacco

Out of every thousand exacting pipe-smokers — a high percentage refuse to smoke any other brand once they try BOND STREET.

By applying that percentage to readers of this magazine, we know that 89,428 pipe-smokers are missing the *one* tobacco they'd like best!

BOND STREET contains *a rare aromatic tobacco not hitherto used in a popular priced mixture.*

It smokes clean—sweet—without bite. Leaves no stale odors in room. (*Even ladies approve its aroma.*) Try it—today!

OUT OF THE MELTING POT

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Herr Goebbels says, "Considering the heterogeneous composition of the people who *call themselves* American," etc.

Well, let me tell you all the nationalities in my own immediate family. I am Scotch, Irish, English, Welsh, French, and Holland Dutch! My husband is Scotch and German, so what does that make my son—who is in the navy—and my daughter? And what will it make my little grandson, whose father is English and Irish? And what of my son's possible children—he's engaged to a girl from Guatemala who is of German, French, and Spanish descent.

I think the mixture makes good Americans! At any rate, let's see if any Liberty readers can beat our "international" record.

We think it is hard to beat!—*Annalew Burge Mittenzwei.*

NO LIFE IN HUMAN BREATH

ITTA BENA, MISS.—There are no life-giving qualities in the human breath (December 14 Vox Pop). It is only waste products of the respiratory system. Doctors have been known to breathe into an infant's mouth, but this is to put carbon dioxide into the infant's lungs to cause irritation, which is to stimulate the respiration of the child.—*Mrs. James C. Moore, R. N.*

AND AFTER DUST SETTLES?

OTSEGO, MICH.—After reading The World and the Prophets — What's Ahead? by Frederick Lewis (November 30 Liberty), the letters B. C. and A. D. will have a new significance for me, namely: Before Cosmic and After Dust.

While we wait breathlessly, won't some one write a concluding chapter to inform us if, after the dust settles, the thousand years' reign will begin, and if so, will Franklin D. Roosevelt still be our President?—*Francis P. Brown.*

ENJOYS TRUE SHORT SHORTS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—"Student" criticizes your two-minute stories (December 7 Vox Pop). I infer that he refers to the several short true stories that have appeared in the issues of Liberty. Again, it is hard for an editor to please everybody. I have enjoyed these True Short Shorts very much and I have several friends who say the same thing. We hope you give us more of them, only we do think that they could be made a little longer.—*Mrs. J. C. Crandall.*

GOES BACK TO BACK PAGE

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Why is it that when I read Liberty I always want to go back and read Fulton Oursler's columns of the week before?

I guess I'm like the little boy whose father took him to see the circus. After a little while he said, "Hell, pop! let's go outside and look at the billboards; they're a heap better!"—*Richard T. Renfro.*

DEATH GRIP ON A MAN

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—When a girl marries she takes a death grip on a man and woe to even his mother if she tries to hang on to any part of him.

A man can never take his wife away from her people, but leave it to the women to do that in half of the marriages today.—*First Prize Sap.*

SCOTS NEVER "HOOT, MON!"

CLARKSON, SCOTLAND—I've just seen Mrs. Jane Owsley's letter (October 5 Vox Pop), and, passing over the nasty cracks about the Scots' sense of humor, there's sumpin' I want to tell her. Strikes me the name should be "Owsley," for she ends her letter, "Hoot, mon!" Ma conscience! I've lived in Scotland all my born days and have still to hear a Scot (apart from the vaudeville variety) say "Hoot, mon!"

What does she think we are . . . automobiles?—*H. Bryson.*

MRS. BILLMAN'S PRIVATE LIFE

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—This is a bouquet for Thelma Jones' good story, Mrs. Billman's Private Life (November 30 Liberty).

It seems to me that with this story

the quality of your fiction is definitely looking up—that is, getting more like life and less like romantic escape stuff.

May we please have some more from Mrs. Jones?—*Esther C. Robb.*

LIGHTED HATS FOR LADIES

JAMAICA, N. Y.—What's the matter with having lighted hats for the ladies? Miniature bulbs (batteries concealed in crown) would give them a startling effect and save them from bending fenders of taxis on gloomy winter days when the ladies are apt to blend with the fog.—*George Durst.*

COCKEYED OR OTHERWISE?

SILOAM SPRINGS, ARK.—Orchids to Margaret Petherbridge for her new Story Puzzle in December 7 Liberty. Glad for a change from Ted Shane's Cockeyed Crosswords.

After working for hours, finally completed the Story Puzzle 100 per cent. Very clever, I would say. Some more, please.—*Mrs. Sid N. Daily.*

WHITE PLAINS, KY.—It would be a shame to replace Cockeyed Crosswords with such juvenile, dull, and uninteresting trivia as Miss Petherbridge's Story Puzzle. That should be in a children's magazine.

The chuckles I get from puzzling out Ted Shane's clever puns make up for a lot of dreariness in the ordinary run of life.—*Mrs. William A. Bailey.*

PASADENA, CALIF.—I've wondered for a long time why you continue to publish those awful, dull, flat, brain-storm puzzles of Ted Shane.—*Nancy Brown.*

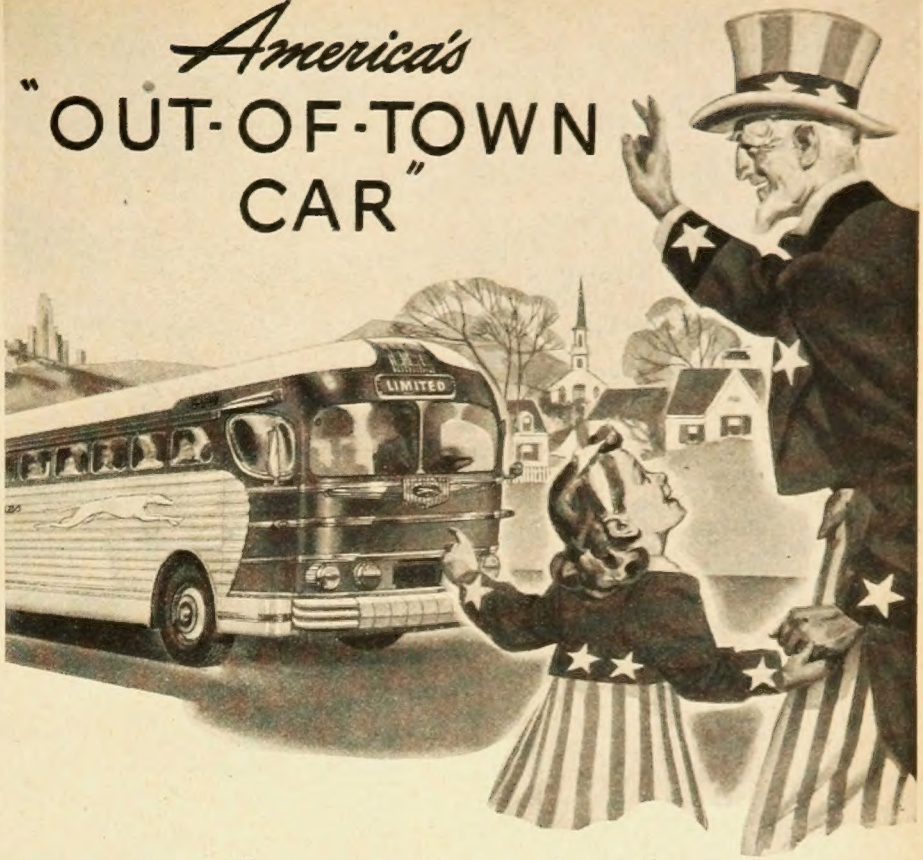
DES MOINES, IA.—Your mag isn't worth a moldy penny without Ted Shane.—*L. R. Page.*

OMAHA, NEB.—We enjoyed your Story Puzzle very much, but don't let it take the place of Cockeyed. They are 100 per cent pleasure.—*Mrs. J. Pflaum.*

[We've heard from thirty states and three provinces of Canada on puzzle preferences. The majority of them liked the Cockeyed variety, with California, New York, and Texas in the lead. Some of the writers demanded the straight old-fashioned kind. The Story Puzzle made converts, however.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

"I think that your Constitution Quiz could be used to great advantage by the Naturalization Boards and also in all the high schools," says Mrs. G. C. Harris of Manchester, New Hampshire. "Since doing this contest I feel I really know the basis of our government."

America's "OUT-OF-TOWN CAR"



is the finest on the highways

—yet it costs less to ride, has the world's safest driver

● Millions of Uncle Sam's nieces and nephews are making trips out of town this winter in their *second cars*—we mean Greyhound Super-Coaches, of course!

New, Faster Service to Winter Playgrounds

Why not you? You'll save a lot of wear and tear on your automobile—on your pocketbook—and on your nerves, too! These big "out-of-town cars" are warmed and ventilated like a pleasant living room—they ride as smooth as silk—and the men at the wheel are 14 times safer than the average driver. It's the pleasant way to travel on business—and you'll enjoy a business-like saving on pleasure trips. You can leave the frigid North today—be on a sunny Southern beach tomorrow. *Try Greyhound—next trip!*

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Name _____

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"In a smother of spray, a blunt bow, pierced with square ports, rears up."

UNCLE SAM'S AMAZING SEAGOING TANK

BY WALTER KARIG AND NOYES COLLINSON

Exclusive! Pictures and facts from one who helped design it

A LITTLE group of naval and marine officers stand on the edge of a subtropical swamp looking at the wind-roughened Gulf beating against a shell-bank reef. On the leeward side of the shoals the water merges into the liquid mud in which the mangroves stand.

Something is heading landward in a smother of spray. It is not a speedboat, for it lies too low and does not move fast enough. It is heading for the reef that would tear the bottom out of a destroyer.

It strikes the shell bank at right angles.

A blunt bow, pierced with square ports, rears up. The officers watch a scowlike shape waddle and splash across the reef. In a moment it dives into the lagoon and heads on a beeline for shore. It picks up speed and churns through the muck into the aquatic jungle.

Mangrove trees are snapped off at the roots. Tall yellow pines come crashing down.

The amphibian halts in a clearing, and the officers walk up to it. Two men clamber from the squat turret in its bows. There is a conference. The naval men climb aboard. Motors roar, and the machine moves off, butting a few trees from its path to reach a sandy road, down which it vanishes at thirty miles an hour.

That is a picture out of the very recent past. Let us now look ahead at something that might happen—and soon:

Jungle and swamp, and the open sea beyond a reef again. Every few minutes the jungle erupts blobs of smoke and shattered vegetation as an American destroyer, standing well out to sea, lobs its shells over.

A small boat floats upside down, keel awash, between shore and reef, and the wreckage of another is tumbling out there in the foam. The tail end of an airplane is sticking out of the water. . . .

At this secluded spot a European enemy transport has landed supplies and an initial force of men to await reinforcements for the drive northward along the coastal railway. The empty transport was too fast for the destroyer, whose duty it was, anyhow, to attack the landing force hidden in the jungle.

The destroyer's airplane has been

brought down. However, a landing party, seeking an opening in the reef, has been blown to bits by heavy machine guns. The destroyer's bigger guns are now groping for the enemy. . . .

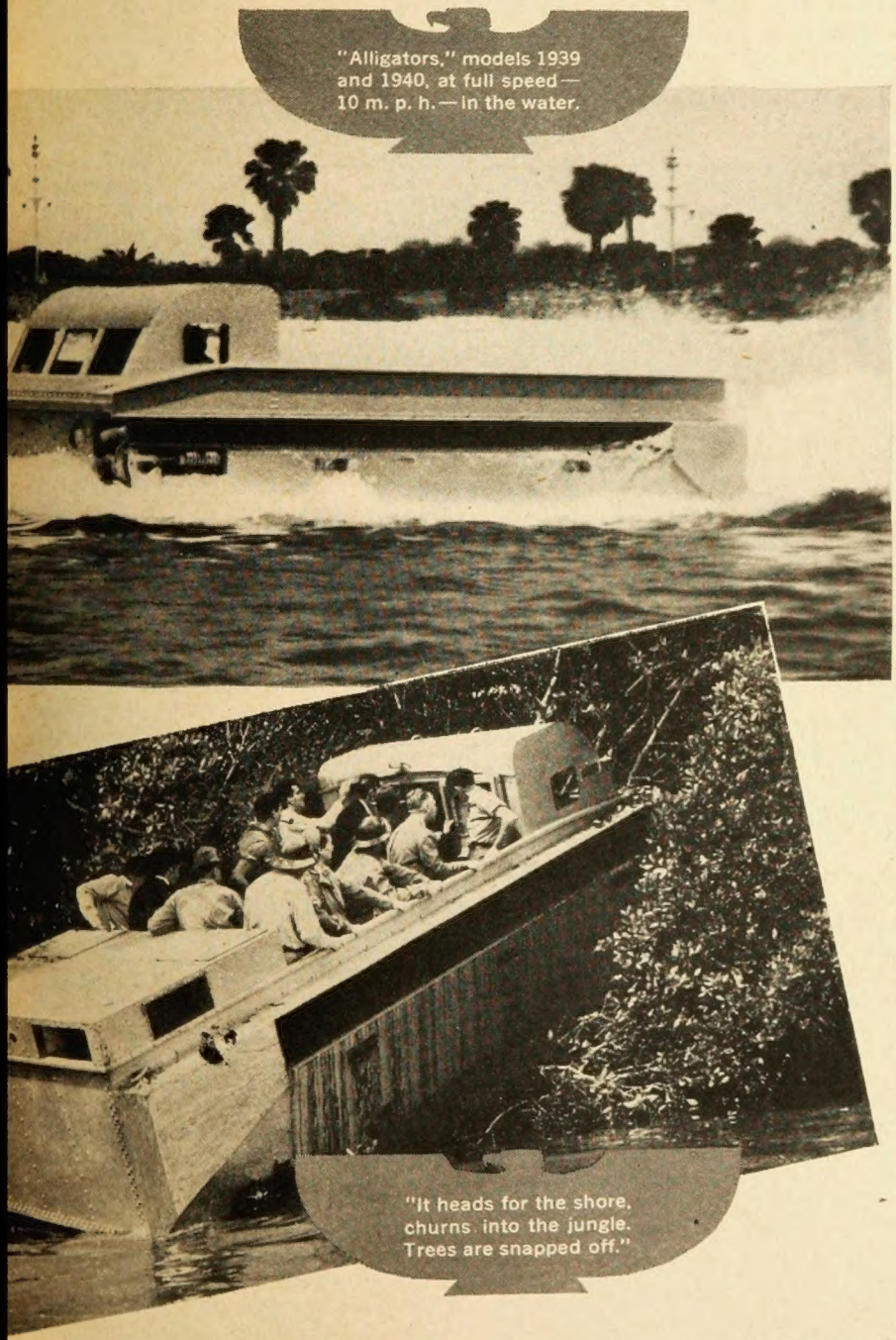
A smudge of smoke on the horizon. A gray blur that takes on the outlines of a light cruiser. As it draws up to join the battle, geysers leap skyward between the two vessels; enemy bombers that have appeared out of nowhere.

Cannon rake the jungle, " ack-ack " —antiaircraft fire—claws the sky to bring down the bombers. But they have scored a hit. The destroyer yaws and drifts, its stern shattered.

churn water. They head toward the reef, falling into formation. Hidden observers on shore can see only a mile-wide frothing line of foam approaching. Then a score of *tanks* climb swiftly across the reef and head for shore, where the machine guns are swung into action.

A bomber drops an egg. Three of the swimming tanks vanish. Two emerge to plug shoreward, unhurt by the shock and submersion. The machine-gun bullets ricochet off these metal sea monsters.

Now the tanks heave out of the water, and trees go down, crushing machine gunners, scattering the enemy, as they start mowing down


"Alligators," models 1939 and 1940, at full speed—10 m. p. h.—in the water.
"It heads for the shore, churns into the jungle. Trees are snapped off."

Oblivious to the hell overhead, the marines assemble on the cruiser's deck. Twenty at a time they climb into oblong metal crates which are swung overside by cranes. Ten—fifteen—twenty. And then, at a signal, each of these crates begins to

the invaders with gunfire of their own. The dripping amphibians halt to disgorge marines. Then they charge forward again, followed by leathernecks with grenades, automatic rifles, tommy-guns. . . .

A few days later the cruiser steams into its port, towing the crippled destroyer, which carries a deckload of military booty and a holdful of prisoners. A metropolitan newspaper carries the headline:

" Alligators Gobble Up Invader Base Without Loss of a Man."

. . . . . .

Maybe that is more prophecy than fiction! The Navy Department is placing an initial order for two hundred of Donald Roebling's " Alligators," and for the details the Marine Corps is willing to have revealed, listen now to Noyes Collinson, close friend of Donald Roebling, who worked with him in developing the first model of America's man-toting metal saurian:

LIKE so many other instruments of war, from gunpowder to the airplane, Donald Roebling's Alligator was first designed to serve humanitarian purposes—and it still may very well find its most constant employment in errands of mercy. Nothing that Walter Karig has imagined in the preceding paragraphs was in the minds of any of us when the prototype of the amphibian tank was conceived and built.

Donald is of the fourth generation of a family of engineers and inventors who needed only to be told that something couldn't be done, whereupon they went forth and did it. His great-grandfather, John Augustus Roebling, heard how unfortunate it was that flexible steel rope couldn't be made. He made it. The family is still making it.

Somebody told Donald's grandfather, Colonel Washington A. Roebling, that it would be impossible to build a suspension bridge such as old John had designed to utilize his gargantuan wire rope. Well, the Brooklyn Bridge was the result of *that* challenge, only the colonel built it larger than his father had planned. It, and scores of Roebling suspension bridges all over the world, are the results of telling a Roebling " it can't be done."

The Roebling family headquarters are in New Jersey, but Donald lives in Clearwater, Florida, most of the year. One evening, seven years ago, Donald and his father were sitting at dinner in New Jersey discussing the ravages of the Lake Okeechobee floods.

" It is too bad that a combination land-and-water vehicle can't be built for rescue work," the elder Roebling mused—" one that could take off on dry land and navigate swamps, canebrakes, deep water."

Can't be built?

Then and there the basic idea of the amphibian tank was born. That night Donald and his father drew sketches, discussed and argued, juggled formulae and equations.

What mechanism could propel a cargo carrier on land and in water? Of course all sorts of impracticable seagoing automobiles had been " invented " and a few freaks actually built.

The Roeblings wanted something with the capacity and durability of a moving van and tugboat combined.

Donald Roebling discussed the idea with me. He invited me to go to Florida to help think out and construct the first machine. Driving to the Gulf from New Jersey his thoughts must have been more on the invention than on the road, for he made the trip in unbelievable time and sent me messages on penny post cards (his favorite medium), such as the following:

"Worked out a handle to steer running (in water) back and forward and act as reverse, too. You try it mentally for practice."

I tried it "mentally for practice" as I drove southward a few days later, and if you want to know with what success, try to figure out the mechanism yourself from the given description while you drive over a highway thickly populated with pigs and skittish cows, as the Georgia and Florida roads are.

My particular assignment at the start was to work on the propelling mechanism and to build a rough working model. Thus it happened the ancestor of the seagoing tank (or the mountain-climbing boat, as you like) was an oblong wooden cream-cheese box, four spools, some scraps of leather and canvas, a dry-cell battery and a toy motor. The first proving ground was a lily pool. When the animated cheesebox flipped awkwardly to the pool's edge, breasted those calm waters, and climbed out on the opposite side, our celebration included a christening party. Thereafter the swimming tractor was known as the "Alligator."

BUT that was only a beginning, and as remote from the finished product as an acorn is from a solid-oak radio cabinet. How to apply that method of propulsion to an all-metal amphibian cargo carrier was Donald Roebling's task, and it meant exploring virgin territory in half a dozen different scientific fields. It is revealing no secret to say that the propulsive mechanism is a marriage of the caterpillar tractor and the paddle wheel. It took long years to work out the mechanics that permit the amphibian to speed over hard roads without damage to the machine or the highway; to negotiate sand, swamp, rocky terrain, grassland, brush, forest, and rough water—with no more piloting than an automobile requires.

One shifts gears and one steers without shifting over from land propulsion to water propulsion.

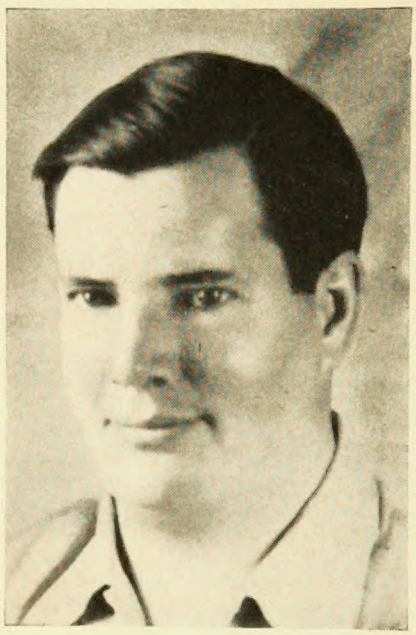
There were other problems as difficult to solve, most of which Donald Roebling did in his head, because he does not work from graphic data, elaborate sketches, and scale models. How many Alligators were spawned, grew up, and died behind Roebling's eyelids, nobody knows.

A watertight hull had to be devised, and a lightweight power plant delivering its propelling force through the metal hull to gears and belts, with axles minus the benefit of stuffing boxes. Idler wheels and other weight-making parts normal to the machine had to be eliminated without eliminating the duties they performed.

From determining the mythical metacenter to making the Alligator swim, climb, and run, it was exploring new fields all the way.

Most of the trial-and-error was performed in Donald Roebling's mind, wherefore the growth of the actual Alligator in the workshop on the Roebling estate in Clearwater would have seemed miraculous to competent observers. The amphibian was constructed of duralumin. A special tank was built to test it for buoyancy and flotation.

Actual tests could not be made, of course, until the completely finished machine was hauled down to the Gulf shore. Everybody was pretty nervous



The "Alligator's" creator, Donald Roebling.

when the Alligator took its first plunge—except Roebling. He was calm when the test began and just as calm at its triumphant conclusion.

Between the conception of the idea and its realization came war in Europe and the menace of war to the United States. There was much boasting by the belligerents of "secret weapons" that never materialized. Down there in Florida Roebling had the only revolutionary vehicle this decade has produced—and war these days is a conflict of vehicles. He offered it to his government.

Mr. Karig has given you a dramatic conception of one use to which the navy's Alligators can be put. He condensed, in the opening paragraphs, the tests to which the amphibian was subjected for the navy and the Marine Corps, first in Florida and, a few weeks ago, on the navy's favorite proving grounds, the Virginia capes. The machines that will be built for the navy are basically the Alligator described and pictured here. How they will be adapted for naval service, beyond increased power and capacity, is of course secret, but the experimental Alligators can snap an eight- or ten-inch tree off at the butt with the ease of a man breaking a matchstick. They can climb a slope of 55 degrees, jump off a six-foot sheer embankment into deep water, and keep right on going. They have a land speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and ten miles an hour in water, and carry a load of 7,000 pounds through it all. They are twenty feet long, eight feet wide, and eight feet high.

The power plant is a Mercury V-8 engine furnishing 95 horsepower at 3,600 revolutions per minute, and the power is delivered through a standard Ford clutch to 1:1 spiral bevel gears driving a shaft at right angles to the motor. Brakes are the Packard 120 rear type.

I could furnish much more detail without violating any confidences, but I can condense it all by telling you that practically the entire machine is built of *stock parts.*

THAT, I believe, is one of the greatest manifestations of Donald Roebling's ingenuity—genius, if you will. Here is a machine the like of which has never before been seen, performing as no other machine has ever been called upon to do, and it is built for the most part from units you can order by mail!

It means speed in mass manufacture. Except for a few special parts, quantity production does not have to wait upon the designing and forging of new tools to make new gadgets to make the parts of Alligators.

No huge capital investment is required. There is no vast one-purpose plant to lie idle and unusable should production be halted for one reason or another. No army of specialists to train.

For military assault purposes these swimming tanks are to mount guns and be armor-plated; but, like the airplane and unlike the tank, the amphibian has more uses in peacetime than it has military duties to perform. It can serve explorers and trail blazers and engineers in South and Central American jungles and the Arctic. It can do matchless rescue work in flood areas. It can save the precious time now required to launch and man Coast Guard boats when ships are broken on the Carolina reefs.

I say that wistfully. We who brought the Alligator up from a cheesebox to its present proud estate as the latest unit in the national defense feel very proud.

We are confident that when "the marines have landed and the situation is in control," the Alligator will have helped.

But I still like to believe that its greater service, its permanent career, will be upon errands of mercy.

THE END

BY GROVER CLEVELAND ALEXANDER

Bean Ball or Bean Bag?

Has the diamond gone sissy? A great star of yesteryear speaks out

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THERE has been a lot of talk stirred up by Joe Medwick's article, Murder on the Diamond, in Liberty of September 28. Joe sure went to town. He had his say about the bean ball, after the sock he got. But I am surprised that Joe should be the one to make such a squawk. He's been a great hitter ever since he came up. Of all people, he doesn't need a change in the rules to make a good showing.

In my day, I never heard of Hornsby or Ty Cobb hollering about a pitcher getting a ball too close to his head. We counted it good pitching to loosen the batter up. It was part of our stock in trade. I've known pitchers who on their very first pitch would send one that came right up under the batter's chin. That was to keep him from getting set. And the guy with the bat didn't complain to the umpire. Nothing like that! He gave the pitcher a dirty look and yelled down to him: "Get your next one up here and I'll knock it down your throat!"

Have ballplayers gone sissy since then? Can they take it or not? Has it come to a point where a pitcher has to throw the batter what he wants or there'll be a squawk about it?

We had no name for what they now call the bean ball. We called it smart pitching. It kept the batter guessing. Chances were, if you didn't do it the manager plastered you with a fifty-dollar fine.

Don't get me wrong. I don't believe in throwing at a man's head with intent to injure him. If I wanted to hit a man I'd aim at knees or shins. Nobody wants to kill any one. And when a batter gets hit, it surely isn't because the pitcher wants to walk him. It's easy enough to give him four balls.

Carl Mays was that kind of smart pitcher. He aimed to get you gun-shy or play-shy. It was terrible what happened to Chapman, but no baseball player would think for a moment that there was deliberate intent to injure. Mays was simply playing the game as we all knew it.

If baseball is changed to make it impossible for a pitcher to do his stuff, the heart will go out of the game. To my knowledge, Joe Medwick is the first batter to come out in print with this recommendation. If it's adopted, pitchers won't be needed. You might as well play bean bag.

Much of this so-called bean-ball business is nothing more than wild pitching. Plain everyday lost control! But if the wild pitch comes inside and hits the batter, right away the world hears that he was dusted off. The fact is, there never was a pitcher who had perfect control at all times, and with the new rules and excessive use of new balls nowadays, he has less control than ever. In the old days, to use six balls in one game was a lot. Now they start a game expecting to use two dozen.

Every new playing rule seems to be for the purpose of hamstringing the pitcher. He can't spit on his glove any more or on the ball. He can't even rub the ball on glove or pants. Every pitcher used to have rosin in his pocket. Now the umpire rubs it for you. A two-foot foul, and you get a new ball. Every time a ball hits the ground, that's a reason for a new one. A single pitch, and if the batter complains that the ball "sailed," the umpire tosses out a replacement. And it's practically impossible to throw a new ball straight. You have to handle it a few times, get the feel of it.

Of course the batter may be making his squawks merely to upset the pitcher. That's O. K. Pitchers have to be able to take it, too. But this kind of monkey business isn't baseball. Baseball is throwing, catching, and hitting the ball. When the pitcher lays a close one up to the batter, that's baseball. Squawking isn't.

Suppose I have two strikes on you. You're anxious, of course. It surely would be foolish for me to ease one right down the middle for you to poke. What I'd do would be to stick one up around your chin and loosen up your toe hold.

Now, if there were two strikes on you and no balls, I would take it easy. I've known batters with two balls on them and no strikes who could measure it within a half inch. But with two strikes on them, they'd reach for it a foot away. Were they the ones now hollering bean ball?

It all started because the idea got around that people wanted more hitting. That's where the new ball business came in. The really great hitters didn't need brand-new balls. Babe Ruth didn't. New ball or old, it went over the fence.

Baseball was never meant to be a one-sided affair. It's a game of skill, and pitching is a big part of it. A pitcher has to use his head, and part of his noodle-work is in keeping the batter from thinking he can just loll around the plate and pick and choose what he likes.

Even today, with all the changes that have come about, the pitcher has to take his chances. No sympathy comes to him if a hit ball strikes him amidships. Neither does he ask for it. He knows it's part of the game. So is the so-called bean ball, for the batter. There never was a game without some hazard.

Say you didn't mean it, Joe!

THE END

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Cap'n Hiram and the Talking Feet

BY VINGIE E. ROE

The stirring story of a test that saved the day for love

CAP'N HIRAM cobbled. In the big towns now there wasn't much chance for a cobbler. Only in little towns, far back, like Petersville, where there were still some paths to walk on out beyond the end of the concrete sidewalks. Cap'n Hiram could mind when there wasn't a thing but board ones, good solid footways made of cross planks, and a body could tell who was coming as far as he could hear steps.

Cap'n Hiram often said you could just about read a man's character by the sound of his heels on timber. Youth, headstrong and wild or only eager and careless, and middle age, in heavy-footed success with a gold chain on its stomach, and the tremulous weariness of the old—but none of them alike. There was no pattern for youth or middle-age or nigh-the-end. As every man lived, so he stepped, in his own tempo, with his own revelations. That is, to Cap'n Hiram.

He sometimes fidgeted over what he knew, unintentionally, about the folks of Petersville, and felt like an eavesdropper.

There was Judge Colter. No finer man ever lived than the straight thin old jurist with his light firm step. He wore the finest made shoes in town, not barring the ladies', with hand-turned soles and leather so soft it was a pleasure to handle it. He always sent to Boston for them—two pairs a year, usually in March, so as to have them fresh for the summer, delicate and black beneath the black trousers of his tailor-made suit. His suits hadn't changed in forty years, either—made by the same conservative firm—and when pants got wide at top or bottom the judge looked a trifle skinned; if they got narrow he appeared to flap slightly.

Firm, that's what he was, and poised and courteous.

Cap'n Hiram always liked to hear him coming down from the courthouse in the next block. It kind of heartened him just to hear the judge go by.

Then there was Mr. Haynes, the president of the bank. No one, it seemed to the cap'n, could mistake him a mile away. His was the gold-chain-on-the-stomach walk. Solid, uncompromising. You knew there was no foolishness and little softness in Mr. Haynes, though he was the kind of citizen any town might be proud of.

And there were the two lawyers, old Mr. Perl and young Mr. Adams, and Cap'n Hiram had never trusted the former from the first time, nineteen years ago, he'd heard him come by from his new office. Time had borne out that impression by various things of which the cap'n didn't like to think.

The sidewalks of Petersville were a sort of newspaper to Cap'n Hiram, a sounding board for nuances, faint guessings and certainties, joys and sorrows, though he differentiated be-

The two young things talked late in the silent dark.

tween the new ones and the old. Timber was best, he sometimes said, like the box of a fine violin. The concrete deadened sound, destroyed its depth, though nothing could quite destroy that wonderful sense of receptivity and interpretation which the old man had built up through almost fifty years of listening. Not quite fifty years, though he'd started in the little shoe shop with his Uncle Abinadab when he was just a boy, for he'd stopped long enough to go to war in Cuba and the Philippines. Then he'd gotten over to France by a stupendous lie about his age, and come home from that affair with a permanent limp.

Uncle Abinadab had gone the way of all flesh, and Cap'n Hiram fell naturally into the little shop and became a landmark of Petersville, living its myriad lives vicariously.

It was a full life he lived, and a kindly one.

He loved his work and his environment. When the slowly rising tide of progress doomed the huge old elm tree before the El Dorado Hotel, with the only outdoor staircase in the state winding around its trunk to the hotel's upper veranda, he grieved for a month.

"'Tain't right to destroy a thing like that," he told Judge Colter. "Why, it's got memories of two thirds this town wrapped up in it! Major Brownlee married Miss Sally Macy under its branches in 1878, an' it was from those steps, judge, that you talked down the mob that was all for lynchin' that horse trader in '92 because it thought he killed Bob Smith, when it was another man entirely that done the job.

"It's seen celebrations and memoriums and vital meetings of the town for fifty years. No, sir, it ain't right!"

"I feel as you do, Hiram," the judge said, considering. "We old folk dislike change. It's a sign of our passing—with the old order. When we can't go on, we must give way to

the new—step aside for the young who can."

But Mr. Haynes was adamant about the elm tree, just as he was about everything he thought should be done. In fact, Mr. Haynes just about ran Petersville. His son Ed ran the young folks, too, in a way.

He was cashier in the small bank, and what he didn't know about world finance, to hear him talk, didn't amount to much. He was a handsome boy, taking after his mother—who was one of the famous Bromwell girls—in looks. He was a little arrogant, though that was a natural fault, and the youngsters looked up to him considerably.

Especially the girls. Why not? One day Ed would own the bank, seeing he was the only child of his parents.

Not all the girls, Cap'n Hiram had to admit, thinking on the matter as he tapped the soles of the community.

THERE was Beth Ann Selby. *She* looked up to nothing but intrinsic worth. Cap'n Hiram smiled, thinking how he'd seen that proved in her little-girl days among her mates. Petersville had some pretty young women, but Beth Ann topped them all. Little and brisk, neat in her homemade dresses, with eyes so blue they looked like the sky in late summer, that deep warm blue that just thrills the heart.

She had brown hair in a long bob curling on her shoulders, with a bunch of high bangs above her forehead. Reminded him of the way the girls wore their hair back in '94. She worked in Leighton's Department Store and lived with her mother in the old house on the creek bank east of town. John Selby had left it to them when he died, but that was about all. Sort of shiftless, John was, but Ellen Selby had loved him fiercely. Beth Ann was like her mother. When she came to love some one, it would be in that same comprehensive way, all-asking, all-giving, world-without-end-Amen. No one who set her heels down as hard as this girl could do otherwise. Cap'n Hiram knew, because he always had to fix her little slippers at least once before they wore out. And Beth Ann had to be careful of her clothes.

Wages weren't so much at Leighton's, for all its highfalutin name of Department Store, and both women lived on hers. Those and the couple dozen hens they had. Ellen carried the eggs to the grocery twice a week in a green basket, covered with grape leaves.

The boys of Petersville swarmed around Beth Ann like hornets at a sugar barrel. No wonder. She was the best dancer in the crowd, always ready with that laugh of hers—and she wouldn't kiss just anybody. Contrary to popular young belief, she didn't lose a thing by that, either. Gained, rather, it seemed, for more than one lad wanted to marry her.

She was nineteen and a good saleslgirl, besides being able to cook right in the groove with any one. Ellen Selby had seen to that.

And Ed Haynes was crazy about her.

So crazy that he had it in for any one else who dated her—and Beth Ann played no favorites, as yet. She liked Ed, she told the world frankly, but she liked Bill Hyam too, and Johnny Pride, and young David Colter.

Cap'n Hiram liked young Dave. Perhaps because he sounded so much like his father had sounded twenty years ago when he came down the old boardwalks, firm and upright and courageous.

David worked for Mr. Haynes in the bank, too, as assistant cashier.

There were just the two youngsters behind the iron-wired windows, with Mr. Haynes in his railed-off office in front. It was a little bank in a little town; but Petersville was mighty proud of it.

The two boys were friendly enough. They got up dances and went on wienie roasts with the gang and had a lot of fun. Only David began to go down fairly often—when Ed wasn't there—and sit on the Selby porch with the two women.

He wasn't the only one, for half the town did likewise, but somehow Ed began to keep a pretty close watch on him. Beth Ann didn't favor either one—that spring—any more than she did Bill or Johnny or half a dozen others; but as the summer wore on it seemed to narrow down to those two, and Cap'n Hiram noticed that they didn't walk downtown together any more, and that sometimes when the kids went hay-riding on Seth Hawkins' flat wagon, either one or the other would be missing.

Cap'n Hiram had a fine vantage point for observing, for his shop was halfway between the main cross streets and the footbridge, business on one side and homes on the other, and the whole town passed it twice a day. He saw Beth Ann go by, night and morning, like something thrilled and eager in full flight, setting her little heels down hard, her small face shining.

WHEN you goin' to make up your mind and settle down, honey?" he asked her, loving her with his kind eyes, and the girl giggled and came right back at him.

"When you marry Miss Abbie," she said shrewdly. "You ought to be ashamed—dangling her for forty years!"

That settled the cap'n and he blushed furiously. The whole town knew how long he'd half-soled Miss Abbie's shoes free of charge.

"Humph!" he said. "Old lame coot like me? Ain't no man livin' good enough for Miss Abbie."

"That's what you think," Beth Ann said sharply. "And Miss Abbie's a starved, inhibited old maid, just withering and waiting. Don't you talk to me!"

"You get along!" the cap'n said, scandalized.

These young ones! Say anything! Knew too much for their years.

It was early summer when things at the Selbys' reached a sort of climax. Cap'n Hiram, sitting tilted back in his split-bottom chair against the front of his shop, saw Ed Haynes go down there, and not twenty minutes later David Colter went by. Both boys looked nice in their summer clothes, white shirts open at the neck and those wide pants they called slacks. Ed walked fast, like he always did, a sort of pedal advertisement of the spirit that was in him, bold and pushing and bound to get there, regardless. David went more slowly, walking easily, his steps even and comfortable, as if he had plenty of time to think as he walked. The town went to bed around ten o'clock, and Cap'n Hiram with it, and they had not come back.

It must have been ten-'leven when he waked because he'd heard something. Voices, it was, right out front, low and tense.

"Chiseler!" one said furiously. "You keep out of this!"

"Listen," the other answered. "This is a free country. Any man's got a right to see a girl—unless she's engaged. You've got no claim on her—yet—so you've got nothing to say about it. When Beth Ann tells the town she's going to marry you, I'll stay away from her—but not before. I'll go there any time I'm invited—and that's final."

"Why, you—"

BIFF! Cap'n Hiram heard the thud of fist on flesh, and then they went to it, fighting as only the young can fight, blind mad and thoughtless. They pounded each other all over the road, and he wondered fearfully why some one didn't hear them. He hoped nobody would. It was something he wanted to cover up and hide, this bitter battle between kids who'd grown up together. But nobody seemed to be disturbed by the muffled sounds, and presently it was over, with one boy on the ground and the other standing over him, and he knew the down one was Ed Haynes, the other David Colter.

"All right," David said shortly, "we'll call it quits. But you keep out of my way about this or I'll do a better job."

After that there was open enmity between them.

They didn't speak as they met, nor about their work at the bank, and the young folks talked and speculated.

"What's the matter with Ed and Dave?" they asked Beth Ann, but she was as close-mouthed as the boys. No scatterbrain was Beth Ann Selby. She seemed pretty cool to them both for a while, but presently things smoothed out and she ate ice cream with Ed at the drugstore, went to the movies with David. Mr. Haynes and the judge smiled and touched on the subject lightly, with the tolerance of wise fathers.

"Seems like our sprouts are a bit

off their feed, Al," the judge said, and the banker nodded.

"Girl, I guess," he said, and let it go at that.

But his son didn't let it go.

Ed tried to send Dave Colter to the Coventry the young so often use, sometimes with disastrous results. He got up a series of pretty brilliant parties, for Petersville, and boycotted him at every one. He took the whole crowd—except David—to Crosston for a dinner dance at its swank hotel, and to the theater, and for a night-long cruise on the river boat that made summer trips from there. The crowd regretted David's absence and even tried to mend matters between the two, but went just the same.

It was a lively and exciting summer for the town. The young folks had the parties and the old folks did the talking about them. They even laid a few innocent bets on the outcome of the race between the two boys, though it was nip and tuck as to odds.

IN August Ed asked Beth Ann to marry him, and she temporized.

"We're so young, Ed," she said reasonably. "I want to wait another year, maybe two, or even three, before I marry any one."

Ed's face was white in the moonlight.

"You mean," he said angrily, "that you can't make up your mind between Dave Colter and me! That's it!"

"Oh, Ed," she said unhappily, "you're so unreasonable!"

"Well, it's so, isn't it?"

"Maybe it is," she flared back, quick to react to his tone. "And if it is, what of it?"

"That—that—" Words failed Ed, and he flung away and left her to go on home alone from the end of the footbridge. She was mad as all get out, but she cried a little, too, just for the loss of the pleasant relations that had been between them. Beth Ann was like that—always sorry for trouble, no matter who was to blame.

But in the morning Ed sent to Crosston for a big box of hothouse flowers, which came on the noon train, and had them delivered with a contrite note that breathed passion and undying devotion, and followed them down in the evening to eat humble pie and make up. Things went along smoothly for a while—in fact, until the night Ed went down, unannounced, to get Beth Ann to go for a ride, and found she'd gone to Crosston with David. Bursting with rage and jealous fear, Ed tore back uptown and for the first time in his life got roaring drunk.

It was four days later that something stirred in Petersville—something sinister and covert, like a snake moving under leaves.

It was right after 10 A. M. that Cap'n Hiram heard Lawyer Perl going hell-bent for the bank. There was no mistaking that galloping gait that got his long form by in such a hurry.

Cap'n frowned a little, tipping his head to look up through his bifocals. He was tapping a shoe sole—Miss Abbie's, it was. Did beat tarnation how that woman, little and mouselike, could wear off the outside edges of her footgear. Cap'n Hiram knew she had fallen arches, but he wouldn't have told her for the world. They didn't go with romance, and romance had lived for so many years in Miss Abbie's faded brown eyes, like some faithful old poodle at a gate.

Cap'n Hiram sometimes wished pensively that he'd stayed home from some of those wars and lived a normal life. But a man with a limp was out of the running, or so it had always seemed to him.

Peering up the street, he saw Mr.

Perl vanish in the door of the bank, and for some reason he couldn't finish that shoe. He laid it down and fidgeted around the shop, tidying the cluttered shelves.

He wiped his glasses several times, because suddenly the hollows under his anxious old blue eyes were sweating. And by twelve o'clock that day folks were standing about the streets before the two blocks of business which comprised the main part of town, talking in little knots.

Judge Colter went to the bank, too, and Mr. Adams, and the directors, and young David came out and went home, walking straight and firm, and he was white as milk. He looked straight ahead and didn't speak to any one, and presently Jackson Peabody came by and told Cap'n Hiram.

"Trouble," he said briefly. "Money missin' at th' bank. They say young Dave got away with it. Made a payment on a new car over to Crosston. Mr. Haynes says it couldn't be Ed—no motive, he's got a car—so it's pretty obvious. Dave denies it, an' th' judge says he helped him make that payment. But I dunno—nobody does."

"Oh, yes, they do!" a thin young voice cried furiously. "I do!"

Beth Ann Selby had stopped behind Jackson and heard what he said.

"*I* know David Colter never took that money!"

"Eh?" Jackson said. "How come? How do you know?"

"By common sense and knowledge of human nature," she said mysteriously, and went on, and the cap'n had never heard her set her heels down so hard. He knew ruefully he'd have to be tapping them up again. And he knew something else, too, suddenly. He knew like a flash that Beth Ann had grown up in ten minutes; that that strain of give-all-take-all she'd got from her mother had shot to the surface.

Cap'n Hiram knew that minute, even if the girl herself didn't, that she'd made up her mind, that she knew which boy of the town was hers.

David Colter knew it, too, that night under the elm trees beside the Selby house, where the two young things talked late in the silent dark.

But no matter what any one knew or didn't know, the wheels of the law turned in their groove. David was arrested and out on bail, set by his father, and the state auditor came and found it was true—there was two hundred dollars unaccounted for. Two hundred dollars that had been there, it seemed, in David's check-up of his tray when the money was put away that night, and that hadn't been there the next morning. False check? False report? A criminal blunder, stating cash not on hand? Or a worse blunder of plain theft? But why, the town asked, buzzing, would David so check if he'd meant to hold out that money? Any fool would know better, and David was smart as a whip. No one knew, but every one talked. Every one except the Colters. They were tight-lipped, locked in a sort of cold horror.

The judge went to his office as usual, but David kept off the streets, staying at home with his mother, or going down sometimes to sit on the Selby porch.

And Mr. Haynes pushed the matter through with his customary grim dispatch. Young Dave Colter was duly charged and held to answer, and the trial was set for the last week in September. Judge Henry Bisbee from the next county came in to take the bench, the father of the prisoner being disqualified, of course.

THE town couldn't believe such a thing could happen, but it did. The days passed with no miracle taking place to show them it was all a bad dream, and it came right up to the day set. Right to the night before, and the morning, and the hour.

It was a jury trial, and the venire was exhausted the first day, so that court had to be adjourned while *venire de novo* could be arranged, and it was two days later when it got under way.

The second jury was made up, to a man, from out-of-town folks, since every one in Petersville had an opinion in the case and said so. To a man, too, that opinion was "not guilty."

Petersville crowded the courtroom.

It was a strange trial, with no eyewitnesses for anything. Only the circumstantial evidence of so much cash

being in the bank at closing time, so much less being there the next morning. And Mr. Perl, retained by Mr. Haynes, made it look mighty dark for David.

He thundered about the ingratitude of modern youth, used the phrase "bites the hand that feeds," and so on. Every one knew how kind it had been of Mr. Haynes to give David a job in the bank right along with his own son. And now look! But Petersville wouldn't look. Not at David with accusation or even suspicion.

Mr. Adams thundered, too, in the defense, tried to tear down that mounting wall of circumstance which the other lawyer—and the facts—were building up.

ALONG about three o'clock in the afternoon of the second day it began to look as if it was all up with the boy. The money had been there and it wasn't—and it had been missing from David's cash tray, which he had admitted carrying into the vault himself that fatal day. He admitted, also, seeing Ed close the vault door a few minutes later, while he was covering the two typewriters.

There just wasn't anything to do about it but regretfully find him guilty, it seemed, by the looks on the faces of the jury.

And just about that time, when Judge Colter, sitting with his son, looked as if he was going to faint and Beth Ann Selby got pretty white, there was a disturbance in the courtroom.

Cap'n Hiram stood up in the back and cleared his throat.

"Your Honor," he said, "could I speak to you a minute?"

"Why—yes," Judge Bisbee said, "I guess so. What do you want to speak to me about?"

"I know who came out of the bank at two minutes after two on th' night before they found that money missin'," Cap'n Hiram said, and the effect of that statement was like a bombshell in their midst.

People caught their breath so sharply it was like a wave of sound passing over the crowd. Then there was profound silence for a shocked minute, broken finally by Mr. Perl leaping to his feet.

"Your Honor," he cried, "I object!"

"Objection overruled," Henry Bisbee said. "Will you come up here, Captain Hiram, and be sworn in? This court would like to hear what you have to say."

The cap'n went up, took the oath, and sat down in the witness chair.

The judge waved both lawyers aside.

"Now," he said to Cap'n Hiram, "tell me what you know."

"I hate to, judge," the old man said unhappily, "because I've seen both these boys grow up. I know their kin from way back. I know their ambitions an' their plans. I've fixed their school shoes an' their dancin' pumps, one along with the other. But I've got to speak. 'Twouldn't be right to hold my peace."

He took out a big blue handkerchief and wiped his face, which was sweating.

"Go on," the judge said helpfully. "Who came out of the bank that night—and how do you know who it was?"

"It was young Ed Haynes," the cap'n said distressedly. "And I know because I heard him walk—down th' little blind alleyway that leads to th' bank's side door, an' down th' street, out in th' middle, not on th' sidewalk. And I heard th' bank door shut. It squeaks a little."

Once more Mr. Perl leaped up, but the judge's motion held him quiet.

"Do you mean, Cap'n Hiram," Judge Bisbee said carefully, "that you would swear to such a thing just because you heard a man *walk?*"

"It started with a discussion about the pronunciation of the word vase."

"Yes, sir, judge, I sure do," the cap'n said earnestly. "Because I know the steps of every person in this town who goes by my shop just as sure as I know their faces. I ain't been mistook in twenty years."

His Honor spread his hands flat on the table and looked as if he'd swallowed something too big for him. He was so astounded that Lawyer Perl was up and in full vituperative thunder before he could stop him.

"And I suppose," the attorney shouted scornfully, "that you can show that young Ed Haynes himself took that money from the vault—regardless of the fact that the time lock on the vault door, set to close at three fifteen on August twenty-third and open at nine forty-five next morning, was functioning perfectly? That it showed exactly that?"

"No," said Cap'n Hiram patiently; "I can't prove none of that. I can prove just what I said—that it was Ed I heard shut th' bank's side door an' come out th' alleyway at two minutes past two that night."

"Just a moment," said Judge Bisbee. "How do you mean prove, cap'n?"

The cap'n thought a minute. Then he looked up at the bench.

"Judge," he said, "supposin' you set me in my shop with my back to th' front where I can't see nobody—better still, you blindfold me—an' then you pick out any ten men in Petersville—any twenty men—an' let 'em walk by, on th' sidewalk or in th' street—an' let me call their names. If I miss ary one, you can forget all I've said here today. Ain't that fair?"

"Unusual—to say the least," Judge Bisbee said, "but fair. It could be tried. You can be qualified as an expert on the sound of the steps of different people."

"And just why," Mr. Perl shouted, "were you up at your window at exactly two minutes after two? The opportune moment! Tell us that, captain!"

The cap'n looked at the judge again, this time with embarrassment.

"I got to answer that, judge?" he asked.

"I see no reason why you should not. Answer it."

Cap'n Hiram shifted uneasily in the witness chair. He gazed down over the mass of tense upturned faces, and his own flushed painfully.

"Well, you see, Henry—your Honor," he said, "I—I'd et a mite too much—an' my stomach ain't—"

"*What* did you eat, sir?" thundered the irrepressible Mr. Perl. "Just *what* did you eat?"

Cap'n Hiram half rose in his chair.

"I'd like to tell you, Peleg Perl," he cried, "that it ain't none of your dam'—it ain't none of your business!"

The judge's gavel rapped sharply.

"Order, gentlemen!" he yelled above the argument.

"Well," said Cap'n Hiram, subsiding, "Miss Abbie—she'd brought me over some green-apple pie, an' it bein' so tarnation good I just plain made a pig of myself—over-et my capacity, you might say."

He smiled triumphantly, having taken the stiffest hurdle of the day with flying colors. Miss Abbie was notorious as the town's worst cook, but no one laughed.

"Clear the courtroom," the judge said suddenly. "We're going to Cap'n Hiram's shop."

TWENTY minutes later the whole town, crowded across the street, was holding its breath as a line of men marched down the middle of the thoroughfare, passing the shop's open window, where the cap'n's back was visible, the bandage over his eyes showing on his gray head.

"Abel Johnson," he called clearly—"Sam Billings—Peter Hill—John Tally—Amos Smith—William Curran— That ain't no step; it's Gran'maw Fenshaw's wheel chair. An' that's young Mary Craig with her baby buggy—it's got a wobbly front wheel. Peter Hill again—and Dr. Brown—his Reverence—Beth Ann Selby an' David Colter walkin' together—Sara Smith—Jimmy Gaines—Bill Hyam—Judge Colter—Johnny Pride—Mrs. Curran—"

The town, strung to a pitch of tense but still excitement, was walk-

ing now, almost to a man, turning in an ordered queue from the far end of the crowd toward the bank and drawing out into the street.

There was something gallant about it, as if they had faith in Cap'n Hiram and were glad and proud to make this unique tipping of the scales of justice just as hard as possible, for young Ed's sake as well as David's. If one of these two boys was guilty, Petersville must be doubly sure it knew which one it was.

Judge Bisbee and the hand-picked jury, standing high on chairs and boxes, were tight-lipped, intent.

"Jared Tome—Jackson Peabody—Mr. Adams—" the high, clear voice of Cap'n Hiram went on—"Mrs. Tome—that's th' side door of th' bank, opened but not shut—Constable Jones—Henry Smith—Rachel Burr—"

In the center of the moving crowd Mr. Haynes was talking earnestly to Ed, urging him, it seemed, to take his place in the walking throng.

The boy shook his head violently and flung away from his father's hand.

"George Greg—Charley Ensom—Jim Stone—" the confident voice called, when suddenly a commotion broke above it.

STOP it! Let me alone! I won't!" Ed Haynes cried hysterically. "Shut that old fool up! Stop him, I say! Stop him or I'll— Yeah, sure! Sure he's right! Sure it was me! I closed the vault at three fifteen but I didn't shoot the bolt. I went back at a quarter to two—and that damned old fossil heard me! You just let me get my hands on him! I'll fix him, so help me— Let me alone! What more do you want?"

His shaking hands over his face, he went away between his father and the constable. And that was the end, or nearly the end, of the strangest trial Petersville, and the whole county for that matter, ever saw. It looked for a while as if the Banking Commission was going to make it hot for Ed, but one of the head officials was a lifelong friend of Mr. Haynes and the matter finally petered out.

Between them they managed to get him a job with an oil company in South America—and Mr. Haynes asked David Colter to take his place in the bank. Mr. Haynes was a hard but an upright man.

David married Beth Ann Selby that fall, and Cap'n Hiram and Miss Abbie took the vows with them in a double ceremony. It seemed the cap'n had touched off the latent fires of romance in Miss Abbie by that public tribute to her culinary abilities, and as an honorable man there was nothing else he could do.

And also Beth Ann utterly refused to go ahead with David unless the cap'n toed the mark himself, holding firmly that forty years was plenty long for any one to make up his mind!

THE END

1. **DAISY** needs a laxative. But she's going to see a man about a job at 10—so she puts off taking anything, scared to risk possible embarrassment, scared to do anything that might interfere with a successful interview.

2. **MAISIE** needs a laxative. She's got a job interview scheduled for 10 o'clock, too—BUT Maisie says to herself—"Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning"—and she knows that Sal Hepatica's speedy.

3. **DAISY—SUFFERING** from the heaviness and headache that often go with constipation—fails to impress the man she hoped would be her future boss.

4. **MAISIE IS HER VERY BEST SELF . . .** Sal Hepatica worked fast, brought such gentle relief. She gets the job and as they shake on it she silently thanks Sal Hepatica.

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

WHEN SIGNS of constipation announce that you need a laxative, don't delay: take speedy Sal Hepatica. It usually acts within an hour. Acts without discomfort or griping; acts gently by attracting water to the intestinal tract.

Sal Hepatica—keep in mind—is more than a laxative. It is decidedly helpful in counteracting excess gastric acidity. Helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

It's no wonder 3 out of 5 physicians recently interviewed recommend Sal Hepatica. Try it, the very next time you need a laxative!

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

Shining lights on the Quiz Kids Program: Top row, from left: Mary Ann Anderson, Gerard Darrow. Lower row: Lois Jean Ashbeck, George Van Dyke Tiers, Cynthia Cline.

DO THESE KIDS KNOW ALL THI

BY HELE

ONE hot day the end of June, 1940, Louis G. Cowan sat in his Chicago office overlooking Lake Michigan and cursed his good luck. Mail was piled mountain-high on his desk, letters were still coming in by the basketfuls, his telephone was an incessant jangle. In brief, he had a brand-new success on his hands—with just one fly in the ointment: Nobody would believe him. Well, not exactly *him*. It was his Quiz Kids they wouldn't believe. People refused to accept the fact that those five youngsters whom he had put on the air a few nights before were on the level. Either the kids were reading off the answers from pieces of paper in front of them, or they'd rehearsed them before they went on the air. Or—

Mr. Cowan picked up the nearest letter and read: "In a country that has a national food and drugs act for inspecting what goes into our stomachs, why isn't there some provision for inspecting what goes into our ears? What do you mean by trying to foist adult child impersonators onto an intelligent radio audience?"

The discouraging part of it was that Mr. Cowan had foreseen this doubting-Thomas angle from the reactions of prospective sponsors, and had hit upon a most effective scheme, as he thought, to scotch it. He had asked Dr. Harold A. Swenson, professor of psychology at the University of Chicago, to sit in on the first session and assure the radio audience of its legitimacy.

"I'd like to say I know for a certainty that these children had no advance knowledge of the questions," Dr. Swenson had said. "Their performance has been amazing and is truly a splendid tribute to our American educational system. . . ."

There it was—plain as the nose on your face, from an unimpeachable source. There, also, was the charge of adult child impersonators! Laughable if it weren't so lamentable! What more could be said to convince the unseen radio audience? Nothing—except to keep on saying it!

So a campaign of educators, editors, and other prominent people was launched. The psychology has worked. Now that the Wednesday-night dial audiences are used to the chirping wisdom of these youngsters, the charges of fake have disappeared.

Of course the kids themselves made the going a bit tough. For instance, a question like this is asked: What is the difference between a majority and a plurality? Ho-ho, think you listeners, I know that one! Whereupon one of the children says a majority is more than half and a plurality is enough to elect—well, roughly what you had in mind yourself. But Joe Kelly, their genial questioner, interposes, "No, I don't think that's quite the idea on plurality." Promptly one of the other kids raps out an answer, clean as an incision: "A plurality is the excess of the highest number of votes cast for any one candidate over the next highest number."

Well, by this time, if you're anything like the rest of us, you're mad enough at being outdone by some eight- or ten-year-old to explode, "What is this? A fixed game?"

Jane Withers, Hollywood's young pride and joy, tried to stump the kids with this one: There are four requirements for a man becoming President of the United States. He must be a native American, he must be at least thirty-five years old, he must have lived in this country for the fourteen years preceding his nomination. What essential requirement remains for him?

Lois Jean Ashbeck's bright little face snapped as she retorted, "He must be nominated—oh, and he has to be elected."

Jack Lucal, thirteen, answered this

one: There is found on the earth an element that was at first discovered on a distant heavenly body by the use of a scientific instrument. Name the element, the heavenly body, and the instrument. Jack promptly replied, "Helium was discovered on the sun by means of the spectroscope."

A lively look at a quiz that seemed too good to be true

There's an interesting story in connection with how the program originated.

Something less than a year ago Mr. Cowan was trying to dope out a new type of quiz. His mind wandered. News at home had been too exciting; he was to be a proud father in September. He visioned his son (but of course it would be a son!) growing from a baby to a bright little fellow in school. That suggested exams and quizzes—and suddenly, presto, there it was! A quiz for kids, bright youngsters who would knock their elders' hats off.

Pence James, a Chicago feature writer, dropped by and Cowan asked him if he had happened to run into any particularly clever children in the course of his newspaper travels. He supplied some names, three of which eventually went on the air. Sidney L. James (no relation to Pence), of Time and Life magazines, was the next step in the program. He became

so enthusiastic that he undertook to dig up questions while the hunt went forward for the children.

One of the most urgent needs was the right master of ceremonies. Requirements proved tricky: he must have radio experience, a broad background of general information, and a way with the kids.

Joe Kelly, who emcees the National Barn Dance program, was finally selected. Not because of his educational background, but because the youngsters liked him and he seemed to be able to get more out of them than any one else by way of extra-curricular comment in front of the microphones.

Joe, who abandoned school at an early age for the career of entertainer, is still a little bewildered at finding himself in charge of some of the brightest school children in the country. Just goes to show, he sighs, that you can't play hooky from destiny. Now he's right back in school, boning up like mad in his spare moments.

Many people are asking how the children are chosen. It's all very simple. Any one may recommend a child. These recommendations generally come from friends, teachers, members of the child's family, and sometimes children themselves ask to be considered. Extensive questionnaires are sent to the candidates, and those showing the most promise are personally interviewed. The interviews are long and exhaustive, to determine the extent of the child's general knowledge and presence of mind in giving oral answers, which is, of course, what the youngsters will have to do on the program. The only restrictions are that the child be not over fifteen and, for purely practical purposes, that he live within the Chicago area. Eventually, however, it is hoped that children from all parts of the country will be included.

The questions are gathered largely from the radio audience. Some 30,000 are received weekly, from which Sidney L. James makes a careful selection. A portable radio set is awarded to each listener whose question is used. Sometimes small country schools have worked together to compose a question, which means a radio for the classroom if it makes the program.

The five contestants receive a $100 United States Savings Bond. But the real reward is the friendly fun of the contest.

Five youngsters compose each quiz board and the three having top scores for the broadcast are invited to return the following week. This was believed at the time to be a far-visioned scheme for maintaining a constant turnover in the personnel of the children and still hold enough experienced hands to carry the newcomers who might at first be a little nervous. But they reckoned without Cynthia Cline, Gerard Darrow, George Van Dyke Tiers, and now Jack Lucal.

Cynthia has developed into the dean of the whiz kids, with fifteen bread-and-jam sessions to her credit, as of the present writing. Her ambition is to become an opera singer, and her studies in that direction make her the musical expert of the program and able to answer such catch questions as this: What singer, radio commentator, and Presidential candidate all have the same last name? Could you have answered that one? It's Thomas, of course.

Besides enjoying the healthy sports of a fourteen-year-old girl, Cynthia writes songs, creates dances for which she has won competitive prizes, and, as the height of nonchalance, composes verses during her spare moments in the midst of a broadcast. Asked by one of the guest educators to dash off a poem on the stars in the sky, she wrote:

In the blackness of the night
The stars stand out like candles bright
And all across the Milky Way
They make the summer night like day.
And sometimes you see them slide and fall
Against the heavens' curtained wall.

Gerard Darrow is the Quiz Kids' eight-year-old prodigy. At the present time Gerard is not on the program, but his phenomenal record of fourteen sessions makes him an integral part of any story written about the youngsters. Just as Cynthia is the board's musical expert, Gerard was its naturalist. At the age of four he could name, identify, and give the characteristic calls of 365 birds. People used to get a distinct shock when they asked the tiny tot what he wanted to be when he grew up and he solemnly answered, "An ornithologist." As a direct result of his appearances on the program, several Chicago schools have invited the little fellow to make nature-study lectures before their assemblies.

Another bright and shining light is George Van Dyke Tiers, thirteen, who at the age of three was the subject of a Movietone newsreel. The picture showed Van naming states and their capitals, together with principal countries and capitals of Europe and Asia, and spelling such words as psychology and Czechoslovakia. Van has been a veteran of eleven programs.

The current challenger is thirteen-year-old Jack Lucal, who is chalking up an excellent record. Out of nine appearances he scored first place in six. He comes from Oak Park and River Forest Township High School and is planning to study for the priesthood.

So the Quiz Kids roar along to the tune of millions of radio listeners. In their simple unaffected performance is a profound inspiration to the mother and father of every child living in the United States of America. As Dr. Joseph J. Schwab, instructor in the biological sciences at the University of Chicago, said: "These children are admittedly endowed with high intelligence, but there are thousands in America like them and they prove how our modern schools are making the most of whatever aptitudes children have."

Whole schools are swelling with pride when one of their students makes the broadcast. Themes dealing with them are assigned in English classes, and school newspapers send reporters to interview the underage Information Please broadcasters.

In fact, the Information Please boys had better look to their laurels, for if this keeps up, the kids will be challenging Messrs. Fadiman, Kieran, and Adams any minute now. Not a bad idea, Mr. Cowan.

THE END

Ambassador to

THE PRIVATE DIARY WILLIAM E. DODD

READING TIME ● 33 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

It was on June 8, 1933, that President Roosevelt phoned Mr. Dodd, professor of history at the University of Chicago, that he wanted him to go to Germany as Ambassador.

Mr. Dodd reached Berlin in July. Special problems in dealing with Hitler's new, raw, and convulsive Third Reich were Dr. Schacht's financial jugglery, abuse of Americans who did not salute Nazi goose-steppers, and the persecution of the German Jews. About this last the new Ambassador could do nothing officially, though he could and did point out the effect that it was having upon world opinion. He soon found that in any of these matters, as a rule, the German Foreign Office heads would listen to him amicably and intelligently, but little or nothing would come of it. To be sure, on October 17 Hitler personally promised him that future assaults upon Americans would be punished—and then ranted about his own reasons for withdrawing from the League of Nations, and about his "pacific intentions." At the time Fritz Thyssen was bragging that he and his fellow munitions manufacturers had compelled the withdrawal, and Mr. Dodd was convinced that such big-business Germans were allowed big tax exemptions in return for support of Hitler. (And where is Fritz Thyssen today?)

The Dodd private diary entries made public in Liberty last week covered seven months ending early in January, 1934. They included plain evidence that, even in 1933, not only was all European officialdom aware that Nazi Germany was most formidably rearming but the French and Dutch Ambassadors in Berlin—as well as the American—were fully alive to Adolf Hitler's real aims, and to the mounting prospect of a second world war.

PART TWO— Fifth-Column Work

January 10. Dr. Otto Vollbehr of Washington, the man who sold the Gutenberg Bible to the Library of Congress about 1929, came to see me. He had tried later to propagandize American university professors in Germany. I had protested against this in more than one letter to him, but he did not refer to my rebukes. He said he had visited the Propaganda Ministry, that he had talked with Ambassador Luther in Washington, and that he had an appointment with Hitler. I thought he wished to let me guess that he had come to Berlin on a special mission. I warned him as to the harmfulness of propaganda. He pretended entire agreement and departed in good humor.

Göring Enraged at Protestants

January 17. The new Nazi Reichsbishop Ludwig Mueller was in session with bishops and other church leaders. Chancellor Hitler came to explain to them that he and the President had agreed to the Protestants' claim for freedom from the control of the new pagan state religion called Deutsche Christen, Mueller being the head of this movement.

When Hitler had finished and a compromise seemed about to be worked out, Göring, a Catholic though not in good standing with Rome, walked uninvited into the conference room and made a violent speech: "I have a record of all your conversations over the telephone for the last month. You Protestant troublemakers have been most unloyal. You are trying to break up the unity of the state. You have gone so far as to persuade the Chancellor to surrender. I think most of you are on the border line of treason." The meeting broke up and all agreements were canceled. . . .

How a Jew Could Become Aryan

January 19. The Dutch Minister has informed me that, regarding an official British loan to the Japanese, his London bank says that no loan was at all possible.

My wife and family attended a party of Baron Eberhard von Oppenheim, who is a Jew. Many Nazi Germans were present. It is reported that Oppenheim has given the Nazi Party 200,000 marks and has been

Ambassador and Mrs. Dodd at a Thanksgiving dinner in Berlin's Esplanade Hotel.

given a special Party dispensation which declares him an Aryan.

Ivy Lee's Aim in Berlin

January 22. I went to see Dr. Schacht. He read the protest I gave him and said he agreed substantially. He would confer with the Foreign Office and send me a reply at five o'clock. The one thing he wanted was a delegation from all the bondholders with power to act.

John Foster Dulles of New York and Laird Bell of Chicago reported readiness for the debt conference which Schacht had called, the English delegation arriving tomorrow.

At one thirty Ivy Lee and his son James came to lunch. Ivy Lee showed himself at once a capitalist and an advocate of Fascism. He told stories of his fight for Russian recognition and was disposed to claim credit for it. His sole aim was to increase American business profits.

Lee as Goebbels' Mentor

January 29. Ivy Lee again came with his son James to report on his experience here during the week of his stay. Lee did nearly all the talking. He had seen Goebbels an hour, had talked freely with Dr. Kurt Schmitt, Minister of Economics, and other key men. He had warned Goebbels to cease propaganda in the United States, urged him to see the foreign press people often and learn how to get along with them.

Lee said that Dr. Schmitt and Dr. Dieckhoff of the Foreign Office had suggested expulsion of foreign press correspondents, which I had suspected was contemplated here. Lee said he warned the Foreign Office that such an act would ruin the Nazi movement.

Lee had not seen Hitler, though I suspect he had hoped to have an interview. I told him something of the delicate situation in Vienna. He replied that he had urged the Party leaders to abandon their propaganda in Austria on the theory that thus they would soon win that nation into the German Nazi orbit! From all I have learned these eight months, the Austrians have grown so sick of the methods practiced here that they would be unwilling to join the German Reich. Lee was on his way back home, via Paris, to New York to continue his strange work.

Close-up of makers of war! Liberty presents a historical document

Schacht's Latest Clever Scheme

February 20. Dr. Schacht called at four thirty to propose a scheme for the United States government to assist American creditors to better faith in German payment of interest and principal by some sort of guaranty until Germans can buy $500,000,000 worth of cotton and then sell cotton to other countries. He says he could convince Roosevelt in fifteen minutes and then American foreign trade would greatly improve, German credit become good and creditors be satisfied. I did not quite understand his scheme but sent a report to the State Department. . . .

Goebbels as Lee's Little Pupil

February 28. At five o'clock I went to tea with Propaganda Minister Goebbels, who sat down with the Papal Nuncio, the British Ambassador, myself, and others of the diplomatic corps. At the appropriate moment he arose and read a somewhat conciliatory speech to the diplomats and all the foreign press people. It was plain he was trying to apply the advice which Ivy Lee urged upon him a month ago. Louis Lochner (of the Associated Press) replied in a clever humorous manner, assuming there would be frank weekly conferences thereafter with the press. Goebbels smiled significantly when I happened to catch his eye at this moment. There were no questions asked or answered afterward. . . .

"Jewish Lies" or Hitler's Own?

March 7. I called by appointment to see Chancellor Hitler. We reviewed problems of German-Ameri-

can relations. I asked Hitler if he had any message he wished me to give the President when I reached Washington. He was a little surprised, looked a moment at me, and said: "Let me think it over and see you again."

I then raised the subject of harmful propaganda, as suggested by Secretary Hull, saying that unwise propaganda in 1915-16 had done a great deal to bring the United States into the World War. Hitler pretended astonishment and asked for more details. I did not give the names, as the two worst offenders are now officials of the Hitler regime: von Papen, his second in command, and Dr. Fuehr of the Foreign Office.

I then spoke of the pamphlets calling upon all Germans in the United States to remember that they are and must always remain Germans. He at once said with emotion: "Ach, that is all Jewish lies. If I find out who does that, I will put him out of the country at once!"

He insisted that if agitation continued in the outside world, he would make an end of all Jews in Germany. He spoke of having saved Germany from the Communists and said 59 per cent of the officials of Russia were Jews. I privately questioned his figures but said, "Sovietism is no longer a menace." He shook his head. I added that the Communists had polled only a few votes in the United States in 1932. He declared loudly: "Happy country! Your people seem so sensible in this respect."

Finally I raised the question of universities and academic freedom, and pressed the point that by university contacts and free discussion of international relations we should solve many of our difficulties. He agreed. . . .

He Writes to "Herr Roosevelt"

March 23. At quarantine (New York) Dr. Karl Werkmeister, acting German consul general in New York, came to me with a letter from Chancellor Hitler to President Roosevelt. Werkmeister was merely finishing the interview I had with Hitler on March 7.

Dodd on Two Kinds of Diplomats

March 30. I attended a conference of personnel officers in the State Department. I urged the necessity of having ambassadors and assistants who knew the history and traditions of the countries to which they were sent, men who think of their own country's interests, not so much about a different suit of clothes each day or sitting up at gay but silly dinners and shows every night. Sumner Welles winced a little: the owner of a mansion in Washington which outshines the White House in some respects. . . .

Berlin Plainly Tense

May 17. I arrived in Berlin. My family and all of the staff were at the train to meet me. I was delighted to be home, but the tense atmosphere was revealed at once.

Was Dieckhoff an Optimist!

May 24. I had lunch with Dieckhoff. He is a liberal German and the last few years has been what amounts to Assistant Secretary of State. I reminded him of the assurances that the German government was easing up on the Jewish atrocities, and cited his personal announcement at the German Press Club luncheon that no man could thereafter be held in restraint more than twenty-four hours without a warrant duly approved by a local judge.

He agreed at once that the Chancellor had made these moves in the interest of better relations with the United States. I then told him that Goebbels' speech of May 12 [on Jews and Catholics] had upset everything I had done.

Dieckhoff then revealed his expectation that Hitler would be overthrown soon. He gave what he considered good evidence that the Germans would not much longer endure the system under which they were drilled everlastingly and semistarved. He added that a boycott against the Jews had been planned here for the last week in March but that the Foreign Office had dissuaded Hitler. . . .

When Goebbels Forgot Himself

May 28. Von Neurath asked about my vacation at home and about the United States, but I focused conversation on the real topic by asking what he thought of Mussolini's speech last Saturday, the great dictator having declared that war was as natural and necessary as childbearing to women, and that the scale of living in Italy must be lowered in order to maintain military and naval armaments against Italy's rivals.

Von Neurath said: "That is like Mussolini. There are some fools in Germany who talk that way also, but there is no substantial element of the German people who want war."

I asked him what he thought of Roosevelt's declaration about armaments. He congratulated the United States on such leadership, but added: "You cannot control the shipment of arms even if you enact strict regulations."

I said Goebbels' speech was immediately printed all over the United States on May 12 and that it had reopened the anti-Nazi agitation. He was not a little perturbed. He said the German government had meant what it said when I left, but that Streicher had started persecutions on his own authority, and that, to the astonishment of all, Goebbels had joined Streicher and made the terrible blunder of May 12. He added that he, Schacht, and Schmitt had gone to Goebbels and protested. He begged me to say to Washington that the outbreak was entirely contrary to the German government's purpose. He said that Göring had become a moderate on the Jewish problem.

A Whisper from Geneva

June 5. The French Ambassador reported that he had word from Geneva about my interview with von Neurath on May 28 to the effect that I thought the Germans might yield to the Geneva demand that they negotiate a disarmament agreement again. I repeated what I thought about world folly and my guess that Germany would yield if France made any real concession, even a small one. He was somewhat of my mind. I wonder if Norman Davis repeated the contents of my confidential letter of May 29 to him.

Paris in Fear of War

June 6. I drove at noon to the French Ambassador's to ascertain whether he had further news from Geneva. He had not, but was going to see von Neurath about possible German concessions if France yielded anything. About six o'clock young Armand Berard, the Ambassador's confidential secretary, came to report no new moves in the Geneva negotiations. He said: "There is great excitement in Paris about the imminence of war."

"Hitler Will Defy America"

June 13. I went to a tea at Göring's beautiful mansion. Most of the diplomatic corps were present. Schmitt, a very able member of the Cabinet, was excited and distressed by the announcement just then maturing that Germany would pay none of her debt after July 1. He also knew that Secretary Hull had informed Ambassador Luther that no trade negotiations could be undertaken for some time yet.

For some time we talked frankly about the blunders that seemed to have defeated the one thing Germany had hoped for: freer access to American markets. We agreed about the dangers of Hitler's financial economic autarchy. He said Hitler would force his system upon Germany in defiance of the American attitude. I told him the attitude was due to three things: the unwise treatmen of Jews here, which had caused a vast boycott; the secret violation by Germans of the treaty which gave Americans certain trade concessions; and the refusal of Foreign Office officials to explain such acts. . . .

He showed great anxiety.

Göring Couldn't See Il Duce?

June 14. There is much talk in the press about a meeting of Hitler and Mussolini in Venice today and tomorrow. Göring laughed a little sarcastically when I said yesterday: "You did not go to Venice, I see." It is commonly said that he expects to be the beneficiary of a putsch managed by the Reichswehr, and it may happen any time.

A Check-up by von Ribbentrop

June 15. Von Ribbentrop, Hitler's contact man for international prob-

lems, came to see me. He talked a little about the Venice meeting but said nothing. He then broached the subject of disarmament, saying Hitler would return to the League if France would only make some small concession. I had talked with François-Poncet to this end. Now the Chancellor's agent repeated my point. Was he sounding me out? I then repeated what I had said to Schmitt at Göring's tea party. Von Ribbentrop pretended surprise and concern.

What More Could Dodd Say?

June 17. I received a cable from Hull saying I must talk personally with the Foreign Office tomorrow, as he is giving out a press statement about Germany's declared moratorium and failure to keep treaties. . . .

What more can I say than I have said a score of times?

What Hitler Did at Venice

June 18. At five thirty I saw von Bülow and read him a striking passage of Hull's telegram. Von Bülow at once declared: "There is no discrimination in the German proclamation of a moratorium. . . ."

My reply was: "Perhaps there is no discrimination in the payment to France of 6 per cent and to Americans of 4 per cent on bonds, because American loans were made under different contracts and American representatives had agreed to a reduction of interest rate." The French had not agreed to reduction, their government having made the contract with the Germans. But these narrow distinctions are not appreciated by the hundreds of thousands of American creditors.

Moreover, there have been so many other things: persecutions of Jews, Nazi propaganda in the United States, and the recent purchase of hundreds of aircraft for war purposes. Von Bülow was not quite at ease. He understands the drift of opinion in the United States and is in reality not satisfied with the policy of his own government, though he did not say so. . . .

I reminded him that since June 1 I had been asking for explanations and promises which I might wire to Washington in the hope of easing off the excitement. He said Dr. Schacht and Dr. Darre, of the Agriculture Ministry, always delayed such explanations and the Foreign Office could do nothing.

I asked about the Venice conference. He said promptly: "We declined the Far East pact with Russia and Poland which Litvinov urged because we are not armed and could not participate on equal and safe terms. It involved Germans in a guaranty of the Baltic States' safety, and also Czechoslovakia's, against aggression of any kind." It was plain that Hitler is not willing to allow these states with German minorities to maintain their independence.

Von Bülow added: "We wish to get a conference of the greater Powers which signed the Kellogg

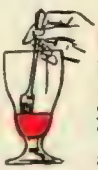
You'll like yeast this new way

TOM: All vim-and-vigger! Been eating yeast again?
ELLEN: No . . . drinking Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice. And, boy, does it taste *good!*

TOM: Say, maybe you've got an idea there! I used to eat yeast every day, and I felt swell . . . tops *all* the time. But I never learned to like the taste.
ELLEN: Taste? . . . Say, it gives tomato juice the flavor of oven-fresh bread! It's delicious! Millions of people are going to find out how good it is, and how much good it does, too. Start it, and I'll bet you'll never leave it.

TOM: I'll give it a trial. Everybody says it's one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex. And a man needs plenty of vitamins these days! Such competition!
ELLEN: Go ahead. It's a swell idea. Drink it first thing in the morning, last thing at night. And when you begin to look better, and feel peppier, I get the credit . . . understand?

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast

DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

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pact to meet and agree to a peace pact including Germany, France, England, Italy, and the United States." This supported the idea von Ribbentrop had suggested on Friday. . . .

Von Papen as Hitler's Critic—

June 20. An address delivered at Marburg by Vice-Chancellor von Papen last Sunday was a moderate and entirely reasonable criticism of the Hitler autocracy. It was made before the university which has been known for its opposition to Hitler's religious coercions. President von Hindenburg had read the address before its delivery; he had telegraphed hearty approval. But Goebbels, learning of its content, had suppressed the speech after two newspapers had published parts of it.

There is now great excitement all over Germany. All old and intellectual Germans are highly pleased. We made copies of the address in English and mailed it to Washington. Hitler's emotional speech near Munich on Monday is now better understood. His visit to von Hindenburg, as reported for tomorrow, is part of the excitement. All guards of the leaders are said to be showing signs of revolt. Aircraft practice and military drills and maneuvers are reported increasingly common sights.

—Whom Goebbels Meant to Kill!

June 21. At a press conference given by Goebbels, Dr. Schacht made another defense of the German moratorium and demanded a freer world trade if German debts are to be paid. Everybody noted von Papen's presence and, at the close, as many people crowded around him as about Schacht, or even more. He shook hands with Goebbels, who after the Marburg speech would have ordered his prompt execution if Hitler and von Hindenburg had not intervened.

How Hitler "Purged" Roehm

July 1. I learn from various sources that Hitler and Goebbels journeyed yesterday morning at two o'clock from Godesberg to Munich and there ordered the execution of two officials of the famous SA troops. At six he was at Wiessee, some forty miles away, where he went into Stabchef Roehm's sleeping rooms and ordered his arrest and execution, Roehm's guard failing to defend their chief. He also ordered the death of several other chiefs of the SA, and at one thirty returned to Berlin, where Göring had already seized Roehm's elaborate house and caused General von Schleicher to be killed in his home. Vice-Chancellor von Papen and his family were imprisoned in their house and his staff were reported to be killed or imprisoned.

Police Open Dodd's Letters

July 6. I received a cable from Secretary Hull asking me to protest to the German government against payment of British creditors of Germany, under the Dawes-Young plan, and the announced purpose not to pay American creditors under the same plan. I have protested three times before about these discriminations. . . .

At five thirty I sat down with von Neurath and handed him Hull's telegram. Both of us were embarrassed. He knew Germany had done wrong. Both of us knew Germany could not pay even the English debt. She must promise to do so in the hope of preventing England from joining France in case of war, which might come any day if the wilder elements of Germany get the upper hand. He asked me to say he was sorry and would pay if any reserves were available. But the Reichsbank shows a worse condition every week.

I asked a question about the recent atrocities. Von Neurath said Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels were to have been killed last Saturday and that all the Cabinet members were to have been put in jail. Von Schleicher and Roehm were to have taken over the governing forces. He added this would have meant civil war. I said little, merely asking if Hitler now really listened to him and other wiser men of the regime. He said, "Yes." . . .

On July 4, when I learned that Vice-Chancellor von Papen had been released from prison, I sent a brief note expressing my good wishes and saying I would call if he thought it would be agreeable. The note was in an Embassy envelope and it was delivered by messenger. By mistake it was left at the office of the Vice-Chancellor. On the 5th the son of von Papen called, and I asked if his father had received my letter. He said, "No." I then sent a messenger to the man who had receipted the letter, to ask what he had done with it. He referred to a police officer in the room from which office furniture was being taken. The police official said it had been sent to the Secret Police.

This is typical Nazi behavior. This is the second letter of mine that has been opened before delivery.

Purger Hitler Tells the World

July 13. This evening the Chancellor is to proclaim to the world the reasons for the murders which he has perpetrated since June 29. I decided last Tuesday that I would never again attend an address of the Chancellor or seek an interview for myself except upon official grounds. I have a sense of horror when I look at the man. . . .

I asked the English Ambassador: "Do you not think the British Act of Parliament compelling bankrupt Germans to pay was pushed through by interested parties without due consideration?" He agreed, though he added: "I have no authority at all to discuss matters officially." He agreed to discuss the matter in Downing Street when he returned next week. . . .

On Friday afternoon I had a walk with the French Ambassador. He was incensed at the German charges that he had conspired with von Schleicher and Roehm, and at the failure of the Foreign Office officials here to force public disavowal on the part of Göring or Goebbels. He knew von Schleicher fairly well; he had dined with him and Roehm; and there had been talk of pressure on Hitler and the French government for a sensible agreement on disarmament. That was all.

François-Poncet told me as we parted: "I shall not attend the address." And he went on to say that conditions are so acute that "I would not be surprised any time to be shot on the streets of Berlin. Because of this my wife remains in Paris. The Germans hate us so and their leadership is so crazy."

At eight o'clock we turned on the radio and heard Hitler's heated and emotional story of the conspiracy to take his life and of his necessary killing of "traitors." There is some doubt in my mind that Roehm planned the overthrow of Hitler and the death of several members of the Cabinet.

Hitler told the world that Roehm had raised 12,000,000 marks and spent them in his wicked cause. Of course Roehm had no chance to deny anything, nor any of his friends. The statement that Germans who sat in conference with foreign representatives in Germany, keeping secret what was said, were traitors and to be killed did not improve troubled relations outside. The Chancellor retired from the building at ten o'clock, everybody cheering except the diplomats.

When Hitler Wooed von Papen

July 15. Vice-Chancellor von Papen called and described the terror of the last two weeks. His confidential assistant was shot for possible contact with von Schleicher. He asked that I should not report anything he said either to the press or to Washington.

Hitler had been an hour with him yesterday, begging him to remain in the Cabinet and to co-operate. Von Papen said he could not promise anything at the moment. He also indicated his hatred of Göring and Goebbels, and said he demanded proof of the guilt of his assistant who had been killed, and of others who were put into prison, their heads shaved, with no knowledge of what would happen to them from day to day. This was Hitler's treatment of all who are suspected of disloyalty. Von Papen was also very critical of von Neurath, who "never does anything." . . .

Reprisal, Diplomatic Style

July 17. Sir Eric Phipps asked if I did not think the diplomatic corps should send their dean, the Papal Nuncio, to the German Foreign Office in October, to know whether we should not all refuse to entertain any German officials at our houses in

view of the Chancellor's denunciation of Germans who attended diplomatic entertainments. I agreed that we should. . . .

Von Ribbentrop Jittery

July 19. Mattie, my wife, and I sat down to dinner with the bankers at the Mann mansion in Dahlem. To my surprise, von Ribbentrop, Hitler's confidential negotiator, was present. He was a little nervous; talked of a visit to the United States next October, and also stressed the fact that the United States has eight billions of gold and Germany only twenty millions! "How can your people ever suffer?"

We came home impressed again with the bankers' fear of a German collapse. No one has any confidence in Hitler's ability to direct German affairs.

A Dinner with a String to It?

July 24. Mattie, William, and I went to dinner at the house of von Ribbentrop. The guest of honor was Ambassador Cerruti of Italy, strangely silent. Count Helldorf, Chief of Police of Potsdam, had been reported as shot to death on June 30. We were amazed to be introduced to "Count Helldorf, Chief of Police of Potsdam." He showed himself a rather silent figure in Nazi uniform, his wife sitting on my left and talking about the need of sterilizing all Negroes in the United States. "If you do not do this, the Negroes will one day own the country. White people are not increasing since immigration is not allowed." The Countess talked again about the vicious Jews who never work and who never live in a country that cannot be exploited by them. The Count joined in this. The Italian Ambassador remained silent.

I was surprised and a little affronted at the presence at the dinner of young James Lee, son of Ivy Lee, the clever big-business propagandist. Ivy Lee has been trying for a year or more to sell the Nazi regime to the American public. A House of Representatives investigation, organized by Dickstein, revealed that he has been receiving $33,999 a year for this work. Why did von Ribbentrop invite Helldorf and Lee to meet us?

Putsch Attempt in Austria

July 25. At five o'clock Consul Geist called me on the telephone and reported a conversation he had just had with Minister Messersmith in Vienna. A putsch of the German Nazis in Austria had been on for five hours. Dollfuss was overthrown and promised to surrender his powers. A little later the Heimwehr, Dollfuss' supporters, released the Austrian dictator, who at once retracted all his promises.

The News of Dollfuss' Murder

July 26. Evidence came to my desk that last night the government issued formal statements to the news-

Save time! Save trouble!

- Fry thick slices of PREM; serve with onions in cheese sauce. A grand-tasting main dish; thrifty.
- Breakfast table news—fried PREM with cinnamon apple sauce.
- No fuss, but a company dish—PREM spread with orange marmalade and baked in the loaf.
- For lunch—a hot sandwich: PREM and scrambled eggs on toast. Good for breakfast, too.

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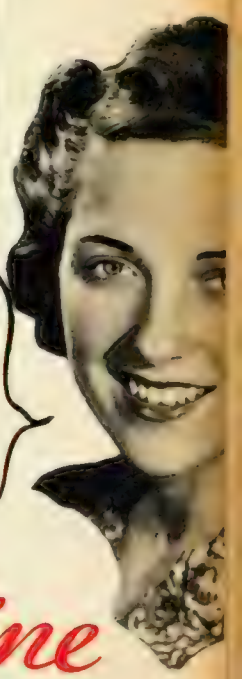
It's Prem!

BY THE MAKERS OF SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

I'VE ALWAYS FOUND SWIFT'S THINGS EXTRA GOOD!



AND Prem's ONE OF THE BEST... IT'S MARVELOUS!

A delicious meat all ready to eat...made of genuine sugar-cured pork!

Hot or cold, for main dishes, sandwiches, appetizers, delicious PREM'S a winner. Moderately priced, too. Today, ask your dealer for

papers rejoicing at the fall of Dollfuss and proclaiming the Greater Germany that must follow. The German Minister in Vienna had actually helped to form the new Cabinet. He had, as we now know, exacted a promise that the gang of Austrian Nazi murderers should be allowed to go into Germany undisturbed. But it was realized about twelve o'clock that, although Dollfuss was dead, the loyal Austrians had surrounded the government palace and prevented the organization of a new Nazi regime. They held the murderers prisoners. The German Propaganda Ministry therefore forbade publication of the news sent out an hour before and tried to collect all the releases that had been distributed.

All the German papers this morning declared that the murder was simply an attack of discontented Austrians, not Nazis. News from Bavaria shows that thousands of Austrian Nazis living for a year in Bavaria on German support had been active for ten days before, some getting across the border contrary to law, all drilling and making ready to return to Austria. The German propagandist Habicht was still making radio speeches about the necessity of annexing the ancient realm of the Hapsburgs to the Third Reich, in spite of all the promises of Hitler to silence him. But now that the drive has failed, the German government denounces all who say there was any support from Berlin.

Holland's East Indian Anxiety

July 30. At four o'clock I made a call on the Dutch Minister to learn, if I could, whether the Netherlands and England had come to any agreement as to the Far East or on cooperation with Belgium in case of war between France and Germany. We talked freely about the first subject and he said: "No; and I fear we are not going to be able to agree with the Japanese, now in Batavia, as to our commercial proposals. It was a mistake to have the negotiations in Batavia, for it put us at a disadvantage and gave the Japanese a chance, which they are surely using, to stir up trouble with our colonials in Java." He then expressed the fear that Japan would force the Chinese into submission before England and the United States came to a common policy in that vast region.

Hitler Lets up on Mormons

July 31. Senator Thomas of Utah came in this morning. He was not slow in letting me know that he is interested in Mormon missionary work in Germany and that he is traveling as Oberlaender Fellow with the best wishes of President Roosevelt. There are a number of Mormons in Germany, and Hitler has not dissolved their organizations or expelled their active preachers. There are other than religious aspects to Hitler's let-up on the Mormons.

Nazi Favoritism to Tokyo

August 2. The news of von Hindenburg's death was announced. At 10 A. M. Hitler sat down with his Cabinet. They quickly agreed to a "statute" making the Führer President without any change of his status as Chancellor . . . the adolescent Austrian who started the putsch business in 1923 and who has killed hundreds of opponents in order to consolidate his powers. . . .

It was also decreed that the old military folk must take an oath of allegiance to Hitler at once. No time was allowed for any opposition.

At twelve o'clock I went to the Foreign Office, left my card, and signed the usual book of condolence to the German people for the loss of their single distinguished soul. The Japanese Ambassador came in, very obsequious in his bearing toward me. He told me of his visit to von Hindenburg a week or two before and of a long talk. No member of the German Cabinet except von Neurath had been allowed to visit Neudeck since July 11. How strange for the Japanese to have been there! I noticed the Japanese had arranged to see von Neurath, who had returned only the day before. None of the other ambassadors or ministers had appointments to see him. This looked to me a little unusual, too.

Prophecy, British and American

August 3. The British Ambassador

DO YOU INHALE?

All smokers do — some of the time

IT'S easy to understand that when you do inhale — there's increased exposure to irritation! Here's something vital — long known to eminent medical authorities:

4 other leading brands of cigarettes were found to average 235% more irritant than the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris — and further, the irritation was found to last more than five times as long!

So — especially if you inhale — Call for Philip Morris — *complete* smoking pleasure, unmarred by throat irritation!

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

acknowledged that England had declared her eastern border (in case of continental war) was the Rhine. "What else could we do?" He thinks Hitler would gladly go to war if he had the power, and therefore all Europe must keep united against Germany, which seems to me necessary if Europe is not to collapse one day under thousands of airplanes dropping bombs and poison gases. France played a sad game in 1919, and then continued her mistake under the League from 1930 to 1932. That helped to give Germany Hitler. . . .

Jolly Obsequies for Hindenburg

August 6. At twelve o'clock my wife and I took our places in the Reichstag auditorium, where a tribute was to be paid to the deceased. Göring was in the high presiding officer's chair in gay uniform, literally joyful because he was so conspicuous in appearance. Hitler looked contented and complacent: he was to deliver an oration to be radioed all over the world. . . .

The funeral oration paid no tribute to the President for his services as a leader of his country. All the emphasis was on military genius and service. A significant remark was the claim that von Hindenburg had brought the National Socialists to power. . . .

Hitler Wore His Butcher Knife

August 7. We were driven to the battlefield where von Hindenburg was to be buried at noon. Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels were soon in evidence, the first in his brown shirt with a sort of butcher knife hanging by his side—the badge of honor for all Nazi soldiers. . . .

The diplomatic corps found its way to its train, which started for Berlin at about one o'clock. A young Dr. Berger, of the German Foreign Office, was appointed to serve me in any way I thought necessary. I needed no service. For an hour he tried to entice me into criticism of the Hitler regime. . . .

The train journeyed slowly across the Polish Corridor. The idea seemed to be to show us the bedraggled look of the country, the dirty towns and ragged farmer-folk. Berger made few comments, but what was said rested on the assumption that Poland properly belonged to Germany.

The moment the train crossed into German territory the speed doubled. The countryside looked neat and orderly. The people about the railway stations were well dressed. No one could fail to note the difference.

An American Admirer of Hitler

August 9. At one o'clock an American technical expert studying conditions in Europe called. He had been in Rome and was captivated by Mussolini. He was later in Vienna, and then in Moscow. Without having made any study of Germany, he had become an enthusiastic sympathizer. What he said about his work and the general undertaking at home was interesting enough, but he seemed to have lost his balance. His complete acceptance of Hitler as a great statesman revealed his mentality. I asked: "What do you think of a 'statesman' who murders his opponents?" The question puzzled him a little but it did not seep into his mentality.

Salute the Swastika, or Else!

August 14. Albert Lepawsky, University of Chicago instructor, and his friend Howard Mumford Jones came in to explain how a Nazi marcher had stepped out of the ranks the night before and struck Lepawsky in the face for not saluting the *Hakenkreuz* flag. The blow was insulting, but not serious otherwise.

Lepawsky thought I ought to hurry at once to the Foreign Office and demand an apology. He did not wish to see the offender punished; he had not hit hard enough. I reminded him that punishment was the first thing the government would order, and that I would advise no publicity, since we had not had such a thing happen since January. The pair went away with instructions to lay the facts, under oath, before the consul general.

Nazi Germany's New Airfields

August 15. I called on Ambassador François-Poncet. As to the facts about Nazi rearmament, the French cite: One million and a half trained soldiers, an ample supply of small arms, and the avowed purpose of carrying the Pan-German annexations into effect. François-Poncet was fully convinced that France is to be attacked and Alsace-Lorraine, Austria, and western Poland to be annexed. He reported some evidence of new airfields in Mecklenburg, a larger number of heavy flying machines, and the expectation that next winter the Saar territory will be the occasion for war.

Colonel Wuest, our military attaché here, reported the discovery of a new and heavily equipped airfield as he flew a few days before to Bremen. The German officer in the machine affected not to see what he had observed, and Wuest asked no questions.

A Professor Sees a Mirage

August 17. Professor M. McMeyer of the University of Boston, who has traveled all about Germany, reported today prosperity everywhere and almost unanimous enthusiasm for Hitler and his regime. The June 30 killings had not affronted anybody, according to him. There was, he said, free discussion and the same old German *Gemütlichkeit* he had known years before. . . .

A Propagandist's Face Reddens

August 23. Ivy Lee came with his young son. The young son, last winter, thought a speech of mine implied criticism of Fascist Europe, which it did most gently and indirectly. Later I learned of the elder Lee's relations with the German government.

Today the old man looked broken. He has made his millions the last twenty years, and now the world knows how it was done. I talked frankly with him, and he turned red in the face more than once. He asked if I had reported on him to Washington. He hoped I could write something favorable.

He then said: "Ilgner of the Carl Schurz Foundation here said you were an anti-Nazi, or perhaps merely against the Foundation." I answered that I was opposed to all propaganda, but had urged the Carl Schurz people to go on with their work if it remained simply cultural. Ilgner is head of the great I. G. Farben corporation in Germany. . . .

Soy Beans as Axis Timber

August 28. Dr. Max Ilgner called ostensibly to talk about the functions of his organization. He impressed me as unconscious of its real opportunities. He talked a good deal about a business trip he is undertaking to Manchuria, where he said his company had bought 400,000 bushels of soy beans. I suspect he is on a mission to exchange poison gases and explosives for Japanese products. . . .

Those Promises of Hitler's

August 31. At lunch with Dr. Dieckhoff, he informed me that the Foreign Office had at last persuaded Hitler to stop hostile treatment of the Jews. He hoped the people of the United States would come gradually to think better of Germany. . . .

I did not inform Dieckhoff that a few days before I had received a copy of formal instructions to the Nazi Party that they must refuse all association with Jews. These are the instructions that have been before the Party for a year and a half. This copy bore the name of Rudolph Hess. While Hitler supposedly promised the Foreign Office to do what its wisest officials asked, he allowed his most intimate and trusted counselor to do the opposite of what he promised. . . .

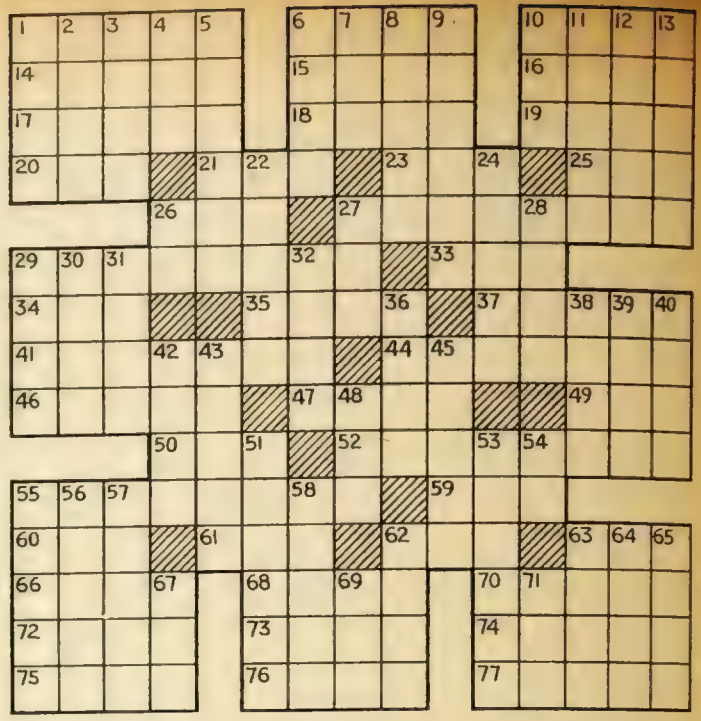
And This Was Six Years Ago!

September 1. Professor Vernon McKenzie of the University of Washington told me of his visit to west German towns, where he learned of four or five great underground aircraft hangars, the number of heavy aircraft now ready for war, and the amount of poison gas they could put over Paris or London in two or three hours. . . .

Hitler as a "self-made president": espionage upon the American Embassy; British munitions makers doing well for themselves in Germany; influential American pro-Nazis and an American would-be Führer; Secretary Hull, back in 1935, cabling, "Is war imminent?"—these things and many more will be high-lighted from the Dodd private diary in Liberty next week.

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin

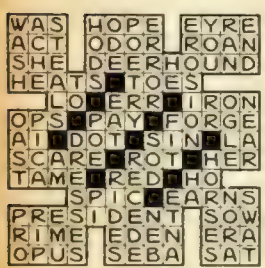


HORIZONTAL

1 Lessen
6 Bridge term
10 Ripped
14 Antitoxic blood lymph
15 Ancient seat of Irish kings
16 Portent
17 Excite
18 Appraised
19 Plateau
20 Priest's vestment
21 Strike lightly
23 Short sleep
25 Procure
26 Edge
27 Separate into thin layers
29 Any very minute particle
33 Note in Guido's scale
34 Egg (pl.)
35 Sodium carbonate
37 Musical drama
41 Ancient Egyptian king
44 Beveled, as a molding
46 Fragrant resin
47 At that time
49 Conjunction
50 Those in office
52 Kind of poetic foot (pl.)
55 Repeats
59 Insect egg
60 Male sheep
61 Electrically charged atom
62 Perceive
63 Fairy
66 On the sheltered side
68 Single thing
70 Intrigue
72 Measure of weight (pl.)
73 Whimper
74 Notched
75 Finishes
76 Percolate
77 Thick

VERTICAL

1 On the ocean
2 Hollow metallic vessel
3 Desert dweller
4 Exclamation
5 Medicine to induce nausea
6 Pace
7 Song
8 Scene of action
9 Title of respect
10 Male turkey
11 Greek letter
12 Place again
13 Growing out
22 Entertain
24 Guide
26 Prefix: again
27 Conducted
28 Part of the neck
29 Greater quantity of anything
30 Egg-shaped
31 Crippled
32 Missing
36 Word of ratification
38 Age (pl.)
39 Lease
40 Increases
42 Mohammedan title
43 Peninsula in the Red Sea
45 Silly
48 Possesses
51 Receptacle for holy water (pl.)
53 Eked out
54 And (Lat.)
55 Angry
56 Shoulder of a lock bolt
57 Make corrections
58 Feeling of weariness
62 Restore
63 Of very low brilliance
64 Girl
65 Disappear
67 Name of a letter
69 Sick
71 Part of the verb to be



Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Take any one of your friends, no matter how much or how little he knows about whiskies . . . pour him a drink of National's EAGLE without letting him see the bottle . . . and then, ask him what difference he finds in the whiskey. And 8 times in 10, you'll get the same answer—"it's mild."

"Mild"

IS THE WORD FOR IT

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—85 Proof. 60% grain neutral spirits

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

The unpredictable Paulette Goddard.

The Private Life of Paulette Goddard

What's behind the talk? New light on a Hollywood mystery

BY HOWARD SHARPE

WHEN Paramount's publicity department fixed it up with the boys in charge at the University of Chicago to give Paulette Goddard a degree, complete with cum laude, this fall, Paulette made an excursion to get it. With her went two men hired by the studio to keep an eye on her.

"Every second, day and night," added the studio executives emphatically. "You'll have the room across the hall from hers, and the door'll be open all night, understand? Sleep in shifts."

At the same moment a teletype message was coming into the Chicago office of the INS from San Francisco. GODDARD COMING THERE FOR TWO DAYS KEEP WIRES OPEN, it said. The Coast lads were in a mild pet. Paulette had been in San Francisco only the week before, but she had disarmed them by a simple ruse. This consisted of inviting all the newspaper boys to join her party, and keeping them with her all night. Thus the inevitable rumors attendant upon any Goddard trip could be refuted on the highest authority.

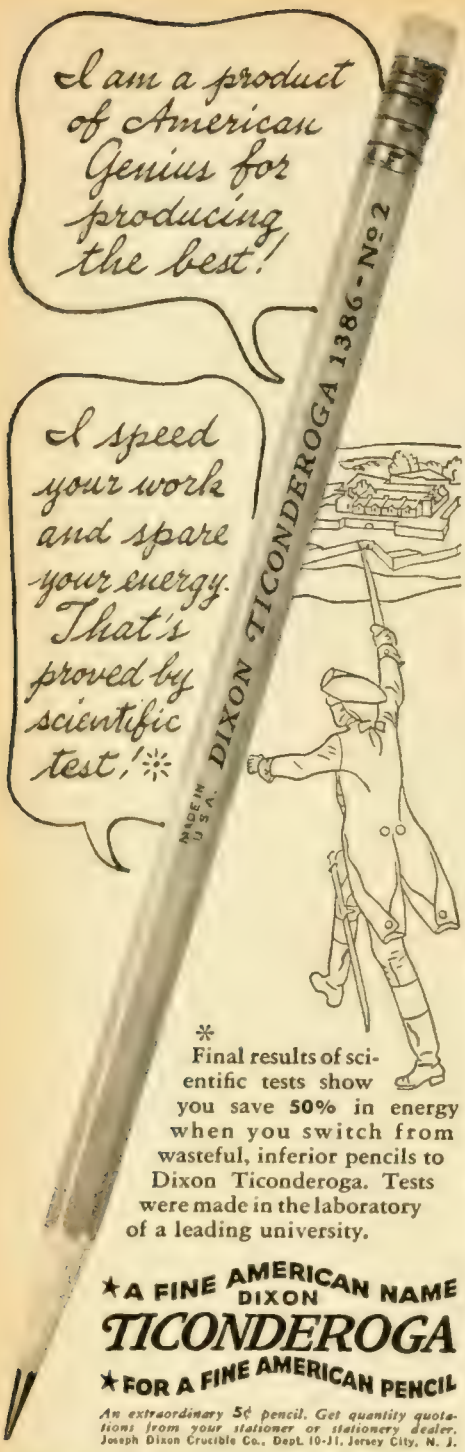
Paulette approached the Chicago set-up with reluctance, feeling foolish about that degree anyway, and no little disturbed by the attendance of the two apologetic but firm Paramount trouble shooters. She thought she'd better squelch that sort of thing, but quick. So after the ceremony she invited fifty convenient college men to a party, lost herself among them, and disappeared. The sick, footsore guards found her at five in the morning, busily diverting her guests at a downtown night spot.

All of which represents the tactical maneuvering of a woman whose way of life has recently caught up with her, not seriously but as a nuisance.

Paulette has a compulsion to live life to the hilt. Essentially she's a pessimist who views the world situation with gloom and is certain the end of all good things is come, or at least nigh. This is not a surprising viewpoint, considering she is Mrs. Charlie Chaplin and all of her friends are either intellectuals, producers who have just lost the world market, or people like H. G. Wells and Diego Rivera, neither of whom Likes the Look of Things at present.

Paulette's propensity for trouble is enormous. It isn't a matter of luck. She goes looking for trouble; and for a very beautiful woman with endless vitality that's an easy thing to find. As a result, people talk about her. She has been the victim of atrocious lies, but some of the gossip, with the exception of the more lurid details, is true.

She did, for instance, tell the newspapers she was going to New York via the Panama Canal, and got on the boat, and arrived in New York surprisingly by plane from somewhere in Mexico, which recently had a price on her head. This was for aiding and abetting the escape of Diego Rivera, which was also true. She does wear very little when sunbathing in private patios in Palm Springs (although not *that* little) and if busybodies would knock first before opening gates she might possibly throw on a dressing robe. And


I am a product of American Genius for producing the best!
I speed your work and spare your energy. That's proved by scientific test.'*
DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386-No 2
MADE IN U.S.A.

* Final results of scientific tests show you save 50% in energy when you switch from wasteful, inferior pencils to Dixon Ticonderoga. Tests were made in the laboratory of a leading university.

★A FINE AMERICAN NAME DIXON
TICONDEROGA
★FOR A FINE AMERICAN PENCIL

An extraordinary 5¢ pencil. Get quantity quotations from your stationer or stationery dealer. Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J1, Jersey City, N. J.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Faster Than Quinine
At the first symptom of a cold—get
Salicon Tablets 25c

again she might not. She does indeed go dancing with mutual friends of hers and of her husband's when Chaplin is out of town. Chaplin doesn't appear to object.

All the buzzing about her is her bill for doing as she likes, whether it's indiscreet or not.

The *affaire Chaplin* gave people their best excuse for speculation. She lived openly with him for years while their marriage was secret. When they were temporarily not en rapport or severally too busy to see each other, she lived her own life, going about with any man who interested her. The while, she refused to discuss her marriage at all.

This was simply evidence of the Charles Chaplins' arrogant disregard of Hollywood's opinion, or of what the world thought.

WHAT most people ignore, in their preoccupation with Paulette's exuberant physical attractions, is that she is a very shrewd, calculating individual, with a glittering intelligence and a passionate awareness. Professionally she is ambitious, imaginative, and a hard worker. When freedom is forced upon her, she works just as hard at that.

Men, as a species, adore her. This is a condition she is aware of and strives to maintain. She has the gift of making any male, even a stranger, feel that he is wonderful, that he and she are very old friends indeed, and that they have a secret between them, unspecified but exciting.

Things have a way of happening fast when Paulette is in the vicinity. Her Mexican vacation was a case in point. Of all the places besides Germany itself she should, in the interests of health, have shunned as the plague, Mexico was indubitably it. So she went there. Worse, she went to Mexico City, with its buildings adrape with swastikas and only German spoken in the better bars. Still worse, she had her portrait painted by Diego Rivera, who was working strenuously against the Cardenas government. Cardenas was having trouble enough trying to persuade the Mexican people they didn't want General Almazan when they most certainly did and were quite prepared to show it with their votes, and Rivera was getting dangerous.

It was alleged, therefore, that Diego's station wagon had been found in the vicinity of the latest attempt on Trotsky's life, and the artist was told to go away or be arrested. Diego made an insulting noise in his throat and said he was too busy. The government sent a squad to get him.

It was at this somewhat delicate point in the proceedings that Paulette caught on. Uttering a war cry, she charged down upon the Rivera studio in a Ford car, backed the car into the building, cornered the protesting Diego, made him crouch in the tonneau, covered him with some hastily selected paintings, and drove out trying to look as American (and therefore untouchable) as possible.

Diego now was volubly grateful but pessimistic. They were still in Mexico. Well, Paulette said, they'd charter a plane. "I would like to come to San Francisco," Diego said doubtfully, "but most of the pilots are Nazis. They could jerk the plane and dump us out."

"I will fix it," said Paulette.

Diego was right about the pilots. At the airport Paulette looked the list over with sinking heart. "Haven't you one with a nice South American name?" she demanded. They had not, it appeared. "Very well," she told them, waving American folding money about, "I'll take a German. But on one condition. It has to be a man with children, and he has to bring them along."

And that is how she wriggled out of that mess. The Mexican government was quite angry and promptly charged her with aiding and abetting, etc., but Diego had his old friend Trotsky clear them both, and anyway the United States government put its official arm around Cardenas' shoulder, so the latter did not need to worry about Diego any longer. Paulette could even return to Mexico, which she did when she was supposed to be boating through the canal. When the ship got to Acapulco, three days out of San Pedro, the water in the little bay looked clear and inviting, the beaches sunny, and Paulette got off for a swim. She didn't come back.

Meanwhile the press agents of three studios, United Artists, Paramount, and Warner Brothers, were frenziedly trying to locate her and at the same time to keep the papers quiet. She had chosen a ticklish time for whimsey. She was due in New York for the première of The Great Dictator; and because she had been going about a good deal to parties and night clubs the rumors were hot that this time she and Chaplin had really separated.

The anticlimax was provided by Paulette herself, who appeared inscrutably on the stage of the Capitol Theater at the appointed hour and smiled blandly while being introduced as Mrs. Charles Spencer Chaplin.

SHE was born in New York City on a 3d of June. She says she agrees with Oscar Wilde that a woman who would tell her true age would tell anything, but some intimates of hers who are not afraid to tell anything say it was the June of 1915.

At fifteen she got a chance to be in the Ziegfeld Follies. During the years in between she jumped from school to school, as her mother bustled from town to town, and spent appreciable periods at only two places: a convent in New Jersey named Mount St. Dominic's and the Ursuline Academy in Pittsburgh. Then an uncle, Charles Goddard, who was president of the American Druggists Syndicate, invited her to his house on Long Island. Ziegfeld was also a guest, and gave the girl a job sitting in a large prop moon while chorus boys

serenaded her. This required no talent, fortunately, because she had none at the time.

Archie Selwyn saw her and gave her the lead in The Conquering Male —which did not, however, conquer New York. It closed in three weeks. It was shortly after this that she met and married Edward James.

James is said to have been president of the Southern States Lumber Company in Asheville, North Carolina. Paulette spent two years with him. Then they were divorced, and she conventionally journeyed to Europe to forget, returned, and went to a dude ranch in Arizona. She enjoyed herself immensely there, until she had a motor smash-up. After her recovery from that she went to Hollywood, got an agent and the promise of a screen test. It didn't materialize. She tried again, after sulking awhile at the ranch, and this time Hal Roach tested and hired her.

That recent flier in matrimony had left her financially independent, and Paulette says she was fired from Roach's because she owned three enormous imported cars and used them for transportation to the studio. The "queen" of the lot went to an executive and objected in an ecstasy of petty jealousy, and the executive advised Paulette to buy a Ford. When she didn't, he canceled her contract.

HER career started, really, when Chaplin chose her to play in Modern Times. All he wanted was exciting beauty and temperament; he could put her through acting paces. When the picture was finished, he took her around the world and in Canton, China, in 1935, they were secretly married.

As Chaplin's wife she entertained all the important agents and producers in the business, and was entertained in turn; she had her own figure, latent ability, and a passion for hard work. That was enough.

Should a role call for an ability she doesn't possess, Paulette will acquire it. Fred Astaire, a wary showman, was unimpressed when she said she would learn to dance well enough to do a number with him in his newest picture, but tolerantly offered to help her in the later stages. She started appearing at his own rehearsals in the afternoon, and each day showed up two hours earlier, until he found himself working harder with her little routine than with his own.

Currently she is grimly dedicating six afternoons a week to voice coaches, for three songs in another film. "I can't sing but I'll just talk the stuff," she says. "After all, Dietrich gets away with it."

But so far as getting away with things is concerned Marlene is a piker. In the face of whispers and slander which would have ruined most stars even a few years ago, Paulette admits being currently surprised over an option just taken up for her services at $10,000 weekly—a raise of $5,000.

THE END

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Professor: Look here, you two, why didn't you attend my lecture? A fascinating subject: "The function of vitamin B_1 in the optimum dietary."

Dolly: But professor! We *know* our vitamins and all about "pep appeal"! Come join us for lunch and see!

Professor: What do you mean, *pep appeal?* It sounds like utter nonsense to me.

Sue: Why professor, you've said yourself we couldn't have pep without vitamins. You know, *pep, oomph, zip-zip, whiz!*

Professor: But what a taste! What a flavor! And to think that all the textbooks in the library hadn't told me about KELLOGG'S PEP.

Dolly: There, professor, you have vitamins de luxe. In crisp, toasted curly flakes of wheat —that scrumptious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP. Rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins B_1 and D.

Professor: (sometime later) Well, I'll see tonight how your *pep appeal* idea works.

Dolly: You know what the philosopher said, professor: "Where there's pep there's hope!"

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B1 ... ... age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pet ... ...

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the soldiers of the United States: for the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps—also for their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of individuals will be held in strict confidence, whether letters are signed with full name or initials.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ARE we going to get a bonus or pension for this year of our lives we are giving to the country?

M. P. D., Wilkes-Barre (Meade).

How about you and I making up a little ditty? "Patriotism for sale—not too cheap."

Here's a word of praise for the way they run this army. I'm a watchmaker by trade. When my number came up, I said, "What kind of soldier can they make out of me? I don't know anything about shooting or driving a tank." Well, I'm not doing either. I'm being taught bombsight maintenance, working of mechanisms very much like those in a watch. It's interesting, and I feel I'm doing some good in the army, after all.

F. J. J., Brooklyn (McClellan).

There are places for specialists in 265 different trades in this army, lad, and a grand system for fitting every man into his right slot.

I spent five days at Camp Upton on Long Island before coming to Dix. That was a swell introduction to the army—in a pig's ear! The food was awful. None of us could eat it. There was more mud than I ever heard of. The officers tried to be nice—but try being nice to a man with acute stomachache. Dix was a revelation in good chow, order, and the rest. What's wrong with Upton?

E. F. B., Schenectady (Dix).

All right, Upton. Your face is red. What's the answer?

In this controversy over the Garand rifle maybe you'd like the opinion of a leatherneck with plenty of experience with the damn thing. It all adds up to, "lousy." I guess you know that in the Marine Corps we get extra pay for marksmanship. I had no trouble qualifying as expert rifleman when I fired the good old Springfield. I can't do it with the Garand. They've got to lower the standards so men can qualify with that weapon.

Also, the Garand must be made in a jewelry shop, every part handtooled and fitted. Because the parts are not interchangeable, from one rifle to another—an important thing in the field. My gang is all yelling for the return of the Springfield, the best rifle ever made.

Corporal T. M. S., Memphis (San Diego Base).

Old Sarge's personal experience seems to bear you out, corporal.

What a sap I was to let them know I was a clerical worker! I'm pounding a typewriter at Post H.Q. That's O. K., but listen: I'm changing uniforms about four times a day, from dress to fatigue and back again. What a life. Just like Café Society. Help!

What have I got now? Even a shower bath!

H. T. S., Wilmington (Upton).

You don't have to wear a pink carnation, do you?

When we get around the piano we have to sing old songs out of the last war, like Long, Long Trail and Pack Up Your Troubles. Why don't Irving Berlin and the rest of the boys make up some new ones for us? Until they get working, here's my own contribution, to the tune of Nobody's Baby:

I'm nobody's baby—
I'll tell you why.
My Uncle Sammy says he's got a mighty plan,
And that's to make me into a man—
For my country needs me.
I'll do, *and how!*
Watch out, you guys across the sea,
Don't take a chance with me,
Because I'm nobody's baby now!

Tenor Sax, Bronx (Dix).

Not bad. Not bad. I hear tell the boys are making up some honeys. Ready soon.

As a Negro commissioned officer, I wish to protest at the discrimination shown against colored troops in training. Why should they be segregated? Neither Jews nor Chinese nor Japs are segregated into separate companies and regiments with a stigma on them because of race. If you are a real believer in American democracy you will demand that Negroes be spread through the regular units just as all other troops are.

Lieutenant M. C. C., Chicago.

Question has been given much serious thought by General Staff. Great majority of Negro commissioned officers are convinced that colored troops are happier and more efficient in their own organizations. Esprit de corps very high in Negro regiments. Made fine units in France last time.

How do I manage my spot? There were seven in my family, living in two rooms, and chow when you could get it. What have I got now? A bunk of my own, three squares, money for smokes and a little to send home, even a shower bath. I'm better off than I ever was, and would have been in here a long time ago if I had known what it was like.

I want to be in the army from now on. But I want to get going with the Regulars or the Marines, straight three-year enlistment, and pile up a record and maybe get to be a corporal. But they tell me, nothing doing. I've got to do my year here before I can get started. Who do I write to?

M. S. P., New York (Dix).

Point has occurred frequently—so many men discovering army life better than they expected, better than their own civil life. Ruling: Men may not transfer, but at end of their year will be welcomed into regular branches, with full credit on service record for year of training.

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A new Name for the Mailbox

By RICHARD BANKS

AS she approached the restaurant, Virginia Trent got out the note and read it again. It said:

Marian—Meet me at Eddy's tonight. Please. It's very important. I'll be at the corner table at ten. If you don't come . . . JIM.

She glanced at her wrist watch. Twenty after ten. She hadn't made up her mind until nearly ten. It was the unspoken threat of that last line that had forced her decision.

She shoved the note back in her purse, straightened her shoulders, and went in. A young man was slouched dejectedly in his chair at the rear corner table. She went swiftly to him, so she wouldn't lose her nerve.

She said: "Are you—Jim?"

He glanced briefly at her. "If Marian sent you," he said in a sort of fierce undertone, "go back and tell her to come herself. That's the only way."

"She didn't send me. She's moved away. I don't know where."

The man Jim stared at her, unbelieving, his black eyes weighed down by a heavy frown. "Sit down," he said curtly. "Who are you? How do you know she's moved?"

Virginia Trent sat down. She said: "I moved into the apartment she had, day before yesterday."

Jim sat, silent, drumming the table with his fingertips. He looked at her suddenly. "It isn't true! She'd have told me. Besides, her name is still on the mailbox in the foyer."

"I know," said Virginia. "That's my fault. I've been so rushed I forgot to replace her name with mine till this evening. That's when I found your note."

He looked forlorn, lost. Virginia Trent felt sorry for him.

"I asked the superintendent," she said earnestly. "He said she left no forwarding address."

"I can't understand it. Just because we haven't—seen each other for a couple of weeks is no sign . . ."

"She'll write you," Virginia broke in. "Surely whatever you had to see her about will wait that long."

"Yeah. Sure."

Virginia made a move to get up.

Jim glanced quickly at her. A queer little smile came, as though he were trying to break through his despondency. "You're O. K.," he said. "Not many people would take the trouble to do what you've done. Somehow you make me feel better about—everything. Don't go. Have a drink with me."

"Well—" She meant to stay only a few minutes. As they talked he relaxed somewhat. He was very nice. He radiated a boyish quality of friendliness despite the intense cloak of loneliness with which he was surrounded.

Virginia Trent suddenly envied Marian Smith and wondered how she could be so cruel. She sat on far past a few minutes, listening to him tell how alone he'd been in New York.

"That was before I met Marian, of course," he said. "I can't seem to make friends easily."

"I'm like that, too. I've been here nearly three years and I can still count my friends the finger way."

"I felt that when you first came. I'm a student of faces. You look soft and friendly. But your eyes are deep and remote." He sat forward. "You think intensely about things, don't you? I can see it in you."

Virginia nodded. "I can see it in you, too."

He disregarded that. "You're sentimental," he went on. "You don't want people to know it, but you are. That's what made you come here tonight."

"I wasn't going to," Virginia said, smiling. "But it worried me. I kept thinking of it all evening."

"Don't ever be afraid of being sentimental," he said suddenly, vehemently.

She abruptly realized the time and got up. "I've got to run," she said. "I'll never get unpacked."

He got up too. "I'll take you home."

They walked the three blocks to Virginia Trent's building. It was when he insisted on going up the one flight of stairs to her apartment door that a quick little fear sprang up inside her. After all, he was a stranger.

By the time she had her key out a small panic had filled her. She clutched the key firmly so he couldn't grab it, if that was what was in his mind. She said quickly: "Thanks for bringing me home. I hope you and Marian iron out your troubles. Good-by."

With a quick motion she slid her key into the lock, flashed through the door, and leaned against it, breathing heavily. But as she stood there, trembling a little, she suddenly felt silly. He was too nice. He couldn't have had that in his mind.

Resolutely she opened the door. She looked out, intending to call down after him and apologize. He was standing in front of the door across the hall, his back to her. He had a key in his hand and as she watched he opened the door.

Her gasp caused him to whirl. He grinned sheepishly. He said: "You'd have found out sooner or later. I live here. I'm your neighbor."

She could only stare at him.

"If you live there," she said suddenly, "you can't help but have known that Marian Smith had moved."

"Yeah," he said. "Sure."

"Then the note—"

"That was a little trick. I was lonely. I was so lonely I could bust. I saw you moving in and knew I had to meet you some way. I got the idea how this afternoon, when I saw you hadn't changed the name plate on the mailbox."

Virginia said, "You study faces, you told me. You knew I'd come."

"I didn't actually know it. I thought I had you figured, but you never can tell about people. . . . I'm glad you came, though. Don't be angry."

Somehow, Virginia Trent wasn't angry. She felt something she hadn't had time to define as yet. "What would Marian say, if she knew?" she asked.

"You've got me there," he said with a shy smile. "You see, I never knew Marian Smith. She was an old dame, maybe sixty or sixty-five years old."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE Gorilla and the Girl

A thrilling, dramatic tale of peril and the sea, and a woman who saw the secret heart of a man

MR. MARTIN, first officer of the freight-passenger Red Angel, loading at San Francisco, listened for a while to the profanities of the drunken stevedore, and then he hit him. It was fully twenty feet from number two hatch to the saloon alleyway, but the stevedore covered it backward, tripped over a deadeye, and crashed at Margaret Gray's feet. She managed an astonished "What on earth!" and then backed off, wide-eyed, as the swearing man groped upward and charged back. Mr. Martin did a better job this time. There was a sound like a small stick breaking, and then there was an unconscious stevedore. Mr. Martin rubbed his knuckles and said, "Toss him ashore, bosun," and then he looked at Margaret.

"Sorry if I frightened you," he stated shortly. "He was getting to be a nuisance."

Margaret caught her breath, took her chilled hands from her face, and was filled with unreasoning anger.

"I never saw anything so brutal in my life!" she blazed. "Knocking a man about like that. Why, he could hardly stand as it was!"

Mr. Martin stared at her without expression and pulled his uniform cap lower over his eyes. "He could talk," he observed. "And I'm loading ship and haven't time to listen. Maybe you'd better go hold his head."

She felt her face go crimson and she tried to stare him down, but it was no use. He just stood there, a big, rumpled, sullen sort of man, with heavy shoulders and heavy dark brows lowered over gray eyes. His jaw was pretty grim, she decided, and his mouth an uncompromising line. "You . . . you gorilla!" she said furiously, and he shrugged and turned away. Then she felt Captain Wayne's reassuring hand on her arm and heard his voice.

"I'll have to speak to Martin, Miss Gray. Of course he doesn't know who you are, but just the same he's a bit too handy with his fists."

"I never saw such a thing," she said hotly. "I thought all that fighting stuff went out with the sailing ships."

"Mostly it did," said the captain soothingly. "It's just that Martin's a hard case . . . sort of a gorilla, as you told him. I'll warn him to behave, now we've a lady aboard."

He was a slender, dapper man, tanned and handsome, and reasonably young. Margaret relaxed as she smiled at him. He looked very well in his uniform, and she had an idea he'd been thinking a great deal about her of late. Her Uncle Elias rather approved of him too, which was remarkable, as Uncle Elias seldom approved of anything; and he had been hinting a little it was time some capable younger man took the Line off his hands and hers. She felt suddenly gracious and pressed the captain's arm.

"Well, I suppose the man was just doing his duty," she said lightly; "though he needn't have been so insulting—telling me to hold that . . . that other man's head!"

The captain laughed. "Oh, just forget it, Miss Gray. Martin's a pretty rough sort you wouldn't understand. Killed a man once, they say, while he was still a boy."

"Oh!" she said, startled, but by then the captain was ushering her on the lower bridge where old Elias Gray sat huddled in the captain's deck chair, his bony fingers pressed together, and his shrewd parchment face scowling at the world from under his silver hair.

"It's about time," he snapped. "Three of the directors are coming on board in half an hour to say goodby, and the captain has some sort of party planned, I believe. Lot of nonsense, but I suppose that's the way the world is now. Where have you been, child?"

"Oh, just looking around. After all, it's the first time I've ever seen one of my own ships."

"And I hope it's the last I'll see," the old man grumbled. "I'm tired of making these two-yearly inspection tours to find out what our fool agents are doing in ports no one ever heard of."

"I know, darling," she soothed him, patting his cheek. "Now I'll go and freshen up."

Captain Wayne looked after her, speculating. It was a great chance. He knew old Elias rated him pretty well as a man who knew the business, just as he knew Elias was tired and would be glad to see things taken in charge by some one younger. It certainly was ridiculous to expect that a young girl with blue-black hair and violet eyes, and a figure that made men turn to look a second time, should be able to handle a prosperous shipping line, left in trust and soon to be turned over to her without any attached strings. . . . He adjusted his tie and coughed.

"Miss Margaret's a pretty high-spirited girl, sir," he suggested. Elias looked up at him and squinted, and then smiled faintly.

"Always was, Wayne. But she'll settle down all right. She's got the stuff. Maybe just needs the right man."

Captain Wayne avoided the other's eyes and pretended to be busy brushing his sleeve. He felt pretty good though. The old man was halfway

BY
ALBERT RICHARD
WETJEN

"That sounds very mysterious." She felt she was enjoying herself. He was so awkwardly afraid of her.

for him, he figured, and that counted. Fourteen ships at sea, and five sawmills, with interests in sugar and oil. The Line was fixed about right.

"I was thinking, sir," he said. "We'll be in Port Carlos about the time of the big fiesta. I thought I might ask Miss Margaret if she'd care to go with me. . . . That is, if you haven't other plans."

"None, so far, Wayne. You'll have to find out yourself what she wants to do."

Captain Wayne smiled and drew a deep breath. Yes, he had the inside track with the old man, all right. The rest should be easy. He thought he knew how to handle young ladies after twenty years on the tropical runs.

On the main deck, making her way to her suite, Margaret had to pass by the galley. The cook was standing in the doorway, one foot on the storm step, his white cap tilted back and a cigarette smoking in one hand. She would not have noticed him particularly but Mr. Martin was leaning on the rail near by, and just then the young fourth engineer came up. He was a pink-cheeked youth and looked nervous, and was wiping his hands on a piece of waste.

"Mr. Martin," Margaret heard him say, "two of the watch haven't turned to and the second told me to rake 'em out . . . I don't know if I can handle it. It's Olsen and Waterbury, and they're pretty drunk, I think."

The big mate turned and hesitated a moment, and then patted the fourth engineer's arm. "O. K., kid. I'll go along with you."

They went for'ard together, and Margaret waited out of curiosity. It seemed Mr. Martin had some sort of charm that was appreciated. Apparently it was, for in less than a minute two burly but somewhat disheveled firemen tumbled hastily out of the fo'c's'le and hurried midships. The fourth engineer followed, looking relieved, while Mr. Martin brushed a sleeve across his forehead and then went up on the bridge. Behind her Margaret heard the cook laugh.

"I guess the mate fixed it," he observed conversationally. "Nice guy, but it ain't healthy to talk back to him."

"It seems not," said Margaret dryly.

"No foolin', ma'am," the cook agreed. "He killed a man once when he was only a kid, in some sort of fight. And he's ripped a lot more apart since. He's a hard case, that's what."

IT was several days before she actually came into contact with Mr. Martin again. She had seen him about the decks on occasion, silent, sullen even, tight-lipped, and giving orders in a low voice, and she had discovered herself watching him with a sort of fascinated curiosity, much as, she supposed, most people regarded murderers. She felt at first a little annoyed at being interested, but then what else was there to be interested in on board? Uncle Elias was always either asleep, or reading, or complaining, and the three or four other passengers were middle-aged and dull. Captain Wayne was always about, of course, but he wasn't, somehow, the unknown quantity the big mate represented.

And then one evening she went on the bridge to watch the sunset. The Red Angel was plowing easily through a deep-green sea shot with crimson from the flaming sky. Mr Martin was on watch in the bridge wing, his hands behind him and his face turned to the western horizon. Margaret watched him for a moment and then moved beside him. He did not turn but observed over his shoulder, "It's pretty good, isn't it?" and she could see his face had lost its sullen tight-lipped expression, and his eyes were somehow rapt.

"Yes, it's lovely," she whispered, and he spun around with what might have been a suppressed oath. She could almost feel him tighten up, as surprise and embarrassment took him.

"I thought it was the third mate," he said shortly, and his face was sullen and tight-lipped again. "You'll excuse me, Miss Gray." He started to go, but she laid a hand on his arm.

"PLEASE," she said. "I'd like some one to enjoy the sunset with me."

He checked himself and made a half salute to his cap. "Whatever you wish," he said stiffly and turned back to the rail. But the spell was gone for him, as she could see, and she eyed him with some annoyance. Apparently there were feelings, after all, somewhere inside this hard case, and she had surprised them, and now had lost them again.

"Have you been at sea long?" she asked.

"Fifteen years or so, Miss Gray."

"That's quite a while, isn't it? All the time with our . . . my line?"

"Yes, Miss Gray."

"I was looking at your framed certificate in the chartroom. I see your name's William Martin, and you are twenty-eight years old, or thereabouts." He bit his lip and his sullenness seemed to deepen. But she took no notice and went on: "Tell me, did any one ever call you Bill?"

"No, Miss Gray."

"Not even your friends?"

"I have no particular friends . . . not since my first voyage."

"That sounds very mysterious. Did something happen then to change things?" She felt she was enjoying herself. He was so awkwardly afraid of her. She was not quite sure whether it was because she was his owner, or because he was really afraid of women.

"Yes, something happened, Miss Gray. There was . . . an accident."

"Couldn't you tell me?"

"I'd rather not." He turned to her and his gray eyes were savage. "I'm in your employ, Miss Gray, and naturally I'll answer any reasonable questions. But my private affairs are my own. I'm sorry, but I hope you understand."

She bit her lip and tried to stare him down again, but her own eyes shifted first. "Of course," she managed, and then was spared further comment by Captain Wayne's voice behind her.

"I was wondering where you were, Margaret. We had a cocktail date in the lounge if you remember."

She had a touch of irritation. Did Wayne always have to follow her around, acting possessively just because she let him call her Margaret now? "I'd forgotten," she said bluntly, and ignoring his look of surprise at her tone, she took his arm.

THE mate turned and stared after her, his lips compressed, and he had a surge of bitterness. She wasn't interested in him really, save as a curiosity. Other women had been the same. And she had called him a gorilla once, which was probably what she really thought. He could remember it had always been much the same, ever since that grim day on his first voyage when he had founded his reputation. Ever since, men had either avoided him or tried to fawn on him, and women had been curious. That was as near as he had come to any companionship. He supposed he couldn't blame people. He looked his part, with his heavy shoulders and thick tanned hands, with his lowering brows and the outthrust of his jaw. His very appearance checked most troublemakers, though there were some with reputations themselves who felt they had to challenge him. He had always hated it, the brawling and the senseless fear of him most men had. And the tough jobs that were thrust on him, jobs other men didn't care to tackle; all because they considered him hard. But there was no way out he could see. He felt utterly lonely.

He thought of Margaret and a slight smile twisted his face. He didn't feel resentful about her. He thought she was entirely lovely, something he would be afraid to touch for fear of breaking. He had watched her when he knew she wasn't looking, and his loneliness had sometimes become an ache inside him. It was as well he had learned to set his face into a tight indifferent mask, he thought. A lot of people would laugh if they knew how he really felt. He muttered an oath beneath his breath and brought his thoughts back to the ship as the third mate came up with a question.

"Have you seen the glass, sir? It's tumbling pretty fast."

"I noticed it," the big mate answered. "We'll have weather by morning."

In the lounge Margaret was twirling her cocktail glass between her fingers and looking thoughtful. "You know," she said at last, "I don't believe Mr.

Martin's half as bad as you think he is."

Captain Wayne laughed.

"You don't know him."

"I still think he's got a lot of feeling somewhere deep down," she insisted.

Captain Wayne finished his drink and frowned a little.

"Nonsense, Margaret. He hasn't a nerve in his body. You should have seen him secure twenty foot of our port rail last trip. We were taking heavy seas over all along the foredeck and it was nearly suicide to let go of the life lines. But the rail was adrift and clattering about, tearing the hatch tarpaulins and all. So I routed Martin out and put him to work."

She nodded. "I was beginning to think that would be the real story," she said. She remembered how the young fourth engineer had asked the mate to help him get his men out of the fo'c's'le. "I suppose no other officer would get out on deck, so you sent for Martin. Do you always let him handle the dangerous jobs?"

The captain went a little red. "It isn't that," he protested stiffly. "It's just that . . . well, he likes that stuff anyway. He's got a reputation and he knows it, and you've got to hold up that sort of thing."

Uncle Elias, who had been listening, gave a cough for attention and looked up from the depths of his leather chair. "Well, you needn't quarrel about this Martin," he said sourly. "I seem to remember we've had a lot of complaints about him. A pretty hard case." He looked quizzically at his niece and pursed his lips at her disapproving frown.

Captain Wayne changed the subject hurriedly.

"What I've been going to ask you, Margaret, is about the fiesta at Port Carlos. You'll let me take you, I hope."

"I haven't thought about it," said Margaret crossly. "I'll let you know."

The captain bit his lip and wondered what he had done to deserve such an answer, but before he could say anything Mr. Martin came in the lounge, carrying his uniform cap.

"I'll have to strip ship, sir," he advised the captain. "The bottom's falling out of the glass and Sparks says we can expect to run into a gale by morning."

"Very well," said the captain shortly. "I'll be up and take a look at things."

The mate turned to go, and for a moment his eyes met Margaret's. She flushed a little and turned away, and old Elias whistled to himself. Captain Wayne's jaw tightened as he noticed also, and a wave of uneasiness swept over him. He looked after his mate with narrowed eyes and wondered.

MARGARET was awakened early the next morning by unusual noises on deck. The Red Angel was lifting and falling tremendously to huge gray-green seas, and the wind was screaming through the rigging and scattering spume over the rail. When she got out, Margaret saw it was scarcely dawn yet, and the whole crew was lined at the portside staring at a small steamer rolling heavily in the trough and nearly smothered in white water. She had an ensign reversed at her main truck, and small black figures were waving frantically from the main rigging. On the bridge Margaret found Captain Wayne and all the mates staring through glasses, and she found a pair for herself after a breathless wind-beaten struggle to reach the chartroom.

"She won't last another hour or so," she heard Captain Wayne shout against the gale. Then he called out, "Care to try it, Mr. Staines?"

The second mate wiped his streaming face and stared at the angry sea. "We can't do anything until the sea goes down, sir," he said uncertainly. "It'd be a fifty-fifty chance at best."

"Well, we can't let the poor devils drown," said the captain, exasperated. "How about it, Mr. Martin? If the second won't go, it's up to you; but I'm not making it an order. Take your own choice."

The big mate stood balanced on the reeling deck and stared at the wreck long and intently through his glasses. Watching him, Margaret saw him brush his hand several times across his forehead, and it came to her it was perspiration and not spray he was wiping away.

"All right," he said at last. "If I can get volunteers, I'll try it. Give me a lee and use oil."

HE turned abruptly and went down on the main deck to talk to the crew, Margaret pattering excitedly behind him, like a child following a circus and not wanting to miss anything, the wind flattening her thin slicker against her young body. The mate noticed her for the first time, it seemed, and shouted at her:

"Get back on the bridge! It's dangerous down here."

"I don't care," she shouted back. "I won't be in the way."

He stared at her for a moment and then turned away. He had no time to waste with fool women now. "I'll need six men," he said, and the seamen looked at him, looked at one another, and then looked at the angry sea. One spat.

"All right, sir. I'd not go with Mr. Staines but I'll take a crack with you." There was little difficulty in making up the six.

He ought to feel proud, Margaret thought. They trusted him. He had a reputation. She pattered after them all to the boat deck, kept out of the way while they got the lifeboat clear and the Red Angel maneuvered into position; and then, her heart in her throat, she watched the sky-tossed little craft fight its way across the oil-streaked turmoil.

It was as much luck as seamanship that brought the boat back some

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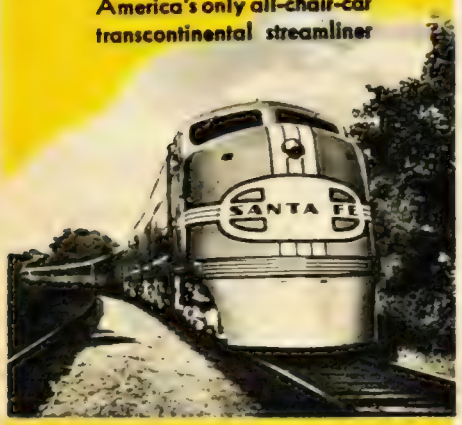

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two hours later. They had had to work into position under the wrecked ship's quarter, and hold the boat there while the shipwrecked crew jumped, one by one, to be hooked in by whoever caught hold of them. As it was, two were drowned, but that could not be helped. The survivors clawed up the pilot ladders, banging against the Red Angel's side, and Mr. Martin came last of all. He made no attempt to save the boat; it was too rough to hoist it. Pushing back his sou'wester, he leaned heavily against the rail while the steward took the rest to the saloon for rum. The big mate's face was white, and the sweat stood heavy on his forehead. Margaret touched his arm.

"It was splendid," she said, a catch in her voice. "It's something I'll never forget."

He looked at her and smiled shakily, and she was astonished at the change it made in him. His heavy face seemed to soften, to light up, as it were, and his gray eyes were warm and friendly. He put a hand out and touched hers for a moment, and she could feel him shaking a little.

"Thanks," he said simply. "Thanks a lot."

"I wish I could do something to show just how splendid I think it was," she said. And a sudden daring came to him. Perhaps it was the strain he had been through, perhaps it was an unbidden emotion welling within him that made him forget himself. He spoke quickly.

"I'd like to take you to the fiesta in Port Carlos," he said, and then a slow redness crept into his face.

She nodded and smiled. "I don't know if it's possible, but I'll see. I've half promised Captain Wayne."

Captain Wayne's acid voice broke in behind them, and the girl had a surge of dislike for the man. It seemed to be a habit of his to come up silently behind her.

"Yes, he's quite a hero, isn't he, Margaret?" She turned swiftly, with a strained smile, wondering if he had heard. If he had he did not show it.

"Nice work, Martin. You'll probably get another medal for it."

"Just another job, sir," said the big mate shortly, and murmuring an apology, he went away.

The captain watched Margaret's face as she looked after him and his own mouth tightened. "Shall we go in, Margaret?" he suggested. "Your uncle wants a report. He felt too tired to get up and watch."

She bit her lip and tried to smile cheerfully, but somehow it didn't work. She could not forget the strong adventure she had just witnessed and the strained face of the mate when he returned. He hadn't looked much like a hero then, and a strange idea kept nagging at her. He had been shaking, too, and seemed weak. The struggle with the heavy boat might explain that, but she wondered.

"You seem to be very interested in the mate," the captain observed when they were in the comparative calm of the lounge. "I hope for your sake it's only a sort of morbid curiosity. Your uncle would certainly be annoyed otherwise."

"I walked in late every morning this week, and the boss never knew the difference."

She was stung. "You mean *you're* annoyed!" she retorted. "I don't see it's any concern of yours, even if you do consider yourself a very good friend." She frankly wondered what she had ever seen in Wayne.

He saw he had made a mistake and called the steward for a highball to cover his annoyance. Damn women anyway! Everything had been running smoothly until this fantastic interest in the mate had cropped up.

"I didn't mean to be offensive," the captain observed, smiling thinly. "But I know just what the man is, and you don't, or at least what little you've heard is probably strongly colored. I believe I caught something about his wanting you to go to the Port Carlos fiesta with him. That's really an insult. A first mate asking an owner that."

"You seem to be an expert on insults," she snapped. "Let's drop the subject. I may not go to the fiesta at all, and in any case I shall cer-

tainly please myself with whom I go."

"Now, Margaret," he said placatingly. "You don't understand. I'm just trying to warn you . . ."

"Here's uncle now," she said, interrupting. "You missed all the excitement, darling. It was wonderful. We really ought to give Mr. Martin his own ship after this."

The old man sank into a chair and chuckled. "Quite a man," he observed dryly. "I've just had a report from the steward about the whole business. And I've had a few talks with Mr. Martin the past day or so. Quite a capable-seeming officer, eh, Wayne?" Margaret flashed her uncle a grateful glance.

The captain choked back a rising irritation and nodded. "Very capable, sir," he admitted, "but always in trouble, as you'll recall."

"Quite! Still . . ." He left the word hanging in the air and pressed his fingers together. "We'll see."

IT was three days later, in the morning watch, when Mr. Martin noticed a haze of smoke trickling from one of the ventilators leading to number one hold. He went quietly down on the main deck to make sure his eyes had not been playing tricks, and then, as quickly, he went to Captain Wayne's cabin and disturbed him drinking his pre-breakfast coffee.

"She's afire in number one, sir," he observed.

Captain Wayne dropped his coffee cup with a crash.

"Number one?" he whispered. "Why . . . why . . ." His face was ashen.

"That's what I was thinking, sir," agreed the mate, his own face tense. "We've five hundred tons of high explosive down there."

"You'd better get the boats in the water," said the captain hurriedly. "She might go up like a bomb. Turn the men to and see if we can't rip the shelter-deck stuff out and find where the fire is."

Mr. Martin nodded but checked himself at the doorway. "I'm not sure the men will stick, sir," he ventured. "They'd fight any ordinary fire . . . but high explosive . . ." He shrugged.

"Try, man!" the captain roared. "Do I have to tell you!"

Mr. Martin compressed his lips and went out. Captain Wayne threw on his clothes, got his papers and the ship's log together, and went on deck to put them in the first boat away. He was tight-stomached himself with apprehension, but he was a good enough captain not to show it. He met Margaret and her uncle on the main deck and laughed.

"Just a little precaution," he said easily. "The men will put you in the boat and stand off and on about a couple of cable lengths away. We'll probably have the fire under control in no time."

"But we didn't know you were carrying high explosives," Margaret ventured. "Why, I'd never have come at all if I'd dreamed of such a thing! Where's Mr. Martin?"

"Working," said the captain shortly, and ushered her to the boat the second mate was handling alongside. He was almost knocked off his feet by a rush of men—the stokehole crew, as he recognized.

"If you think the passengers get to be safe and not us, you're crazy!" snarled the big rawboned leader. He clawed into the boat and others followed him. Mr. Martin materialized at the captain's elbow. "We can't hold them, sir," he explained. "Like I said, any ordinary fire . . ."

Captain Wayne was white to the lips as he saw his whole crew boiling by him and boat after boat hitting the smooth sea. The Red Angel had been stopped and was rolling slowly to the swell, and the wireless operator came down from his shack and reported hurriedly:

"I got three ships, sir, and they say they'll stand by."

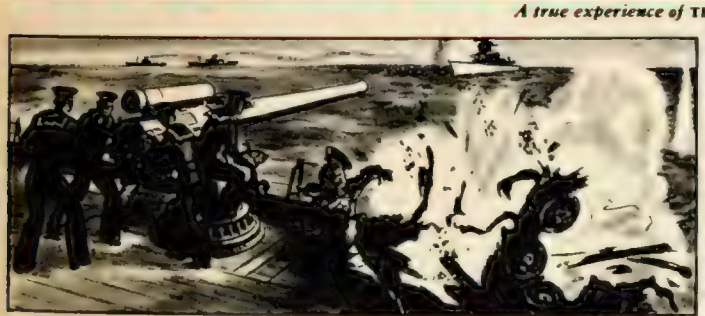
"Stand by for what?" choked Captain Wayne. "It's only a smoke fire yet. . . . Some of you men get back there and take the hatches off. We'll have it fixed in no time."

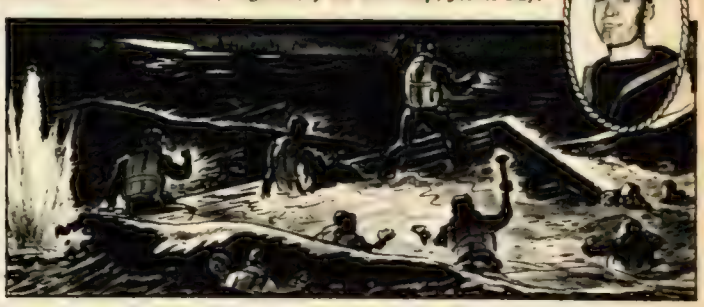
"I suppose that's why you're getting the passengers clear," a burly A. B. snarled and slid down to another waiting boat. "Get the hatches off yourself!"

Mr. Martin gave a wry laugh and looked around. Captain Wayne and

HERO OF "JERVIS BAY" SEA BATTLE TELLS HIS STORY!

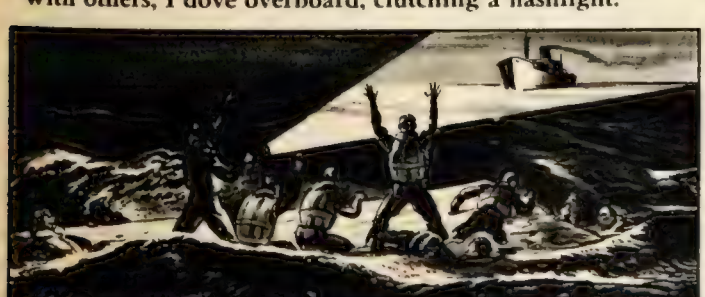
A true experience of THOMAS F. DAVISON, *Dover, England, of the hero-ship,* Jervis Bay.





1 **"PROTECTING A BRITISH CONVOY,** the merchant cruiser *Jervis Bay* battled a surface raider to the death," writes Mr. Davison. "Ablaze from stem to stern, we were sinking fast. With others, I dove overboard, clutching a flashlight.

2 **"UNDER DEADLY SHRAPNEL** fire, fourteen of us managed to board a flimsy raft. For hours, we sat in icy water up to our chests. Huge waves battered us . . . swept us into the sea. Half dead, we crawled back. Three men died of cold or wounds.



3 **"AFTER ELEVEN HOURS,** the soaked flashlight saved us.* The Swedish freighter *Stureholm* saw its beam and picked us up. Without those dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries, we would have died miserably.

(Signed) Thomas F. Davison"

*Note: *An "Eveready" flashlight with "Eveready" batteries, will normally continue to burn under water.*

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FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE

he were standing on the boat deck with only the third mate and the chief engineer beside them. "It seems like it's up to us," he said. The captain looked at him, his throat working.

"Martin, you've never failed us. Some one's got to make a try at it. The chances are it's only a smolder."

"The chances are it mightn't be," said the chief engineer. "I wouldn't try to find out, sir. If she goes up . . . good night!"

Captain Wayne looked at his first mate, and for a moment his personal feelings overcame his sense of fitness. "Mr. Martin always does the impossible," he said acidly. "Maybe he'll try this."

The big mate said nothing for a while and then he slowly began to peel off his jacket. "I'll get a fire extinguisher from the saloon, sir," he said, "and I'll see what I can do."

THEY watched him walk for'ard, a rumpled sort of man, moving doggedly and with precision. Captain Wayne licked his lips and stared back to where the boats were tossing on the swell, out of harm's way. And then he stared after Mr. Martin again and he choked on an oath.

"I guess it's our job too," he said, and peeled off his own jacket. The mate found him beside him as he started to knock the wedges loose to get the hatches clear. And then next moment the chief engineer and the third mate were there also. No one said a word. They cleared an opening and, armed with a flashlight and a fire extinguisher, the mate went down and out of sight. They could hear him crawling over the dangerous cargo, groping here and there to locate the ventilator from which the smoke had come. And then they ceased to hear him, and they waited, tense, expecting the sudden thunder that would blow them to oblivion, and they knew they would probably not even have time to hear the roar of the explosion. They watched the faint smoke trickle from the ventilator, and they saw it dribble away and cease. And after a while Mr. Martin came crawling to view again, climbed the spider ladder out of the hatch, and fell over on to the deck. He was coughing badly.

"Just a fused wire, I think, sir," he explained when he could. "It's all right now."

"Yes, it's all right now," said the captain huskily, and he signaled the boats to return. "But it was a damned near squeak."

Mr. Martin was sitting on the hatch coaming and did not speak. The third mate offered him a cigarette and he took it mechanically, and after a while got up unsteadily and went to his room. When Margaret heard what had happened, it needed only the raptness of her expression to tell the captain he had lost, and he watched bitterly as she went midships. You hadn't much chance against a hero.

She found the mate on his settee, his door wide open, and he had his head in his hands and he was shaking like a leaf, the sweat running down his forehead. Margaret looked at him for a long time, and then quietly she stepped into the cabin and closed the door.

20 QUESTIONS

On this quiz, score yourself as follows:
1-4 correct .....Cold
5-8 correct .....Warms up
9-12 correct .....Gets hot
13-15 correct .....Hotter still
16-20 correct .....Explodes!

1—Although he died in the charity ward of Bellevue Hospital in New York, a well known personality of the nineteenth-century "tin-pan alley" was the only one of a number of candidates to be elected in 1940 to the Hall of Fame for Great Americans. Who was he?

2—What is the title of the poem which begins with the line "'Twas the night before Christmas"?

3—Every one praises the U. S. Bill of Rights, but can you say what the term actually refers to?

4—Which animal is believed by scientists to be the first domesticated by man?

5—On what four occasions in 1940 were large groups of the American people required to answer personal questions for the government?

6—Were Harvard and Yale colleges named after their founders, and if not, who were they named after?

7—Increased orders for what luxury article, not used in national defense work, have swamped manufacturers during 1940 as a result of the war abroad, the draft, etc.?

8—How did the three golden balls come to be the pawnbroker's symbol?

9—What habits of the cuckoo make it decidedly antisocial?

10—What journey caused scientists all over the world much puzzlement recently, because it was made a half a minute ahead of schedule?

11—Quizzes—such as the one you are reading—grow more popular all the time. How did the word "quiz" come into being, according to legend?

12—If you should be asked to examine the Pentateuch, to what ancient work would you turn?

13—How many teaspoonfuls are in a tablespoonful?

14—There has not been—and cannot be—any total blackouts in the city of Naples, Italy, even though Italy has been under air attack by the R. A. F. Why?

15—Is a will legal if it's signed on Sunday?

16—A mythical polecat was trying to climb a twenty-foot pole. Each day he climbed five feet, then slipped down four. How many days did it take him to reach the top?

17—Reproductions of the great seal of the United States are seen daily by countless millions of Americans. Where?

18—Because of shortage of funds and other difficulties, it required thirty-six years to build what world-famous American shrine?

19—Approximately what portion of the world's population is contained in the British Empire?

20—Henry Brown Blackwell's wife was famous as a leader of women. Following her beliefs, however, she used only her maiden name. What was it?

(*Answers will be found on page 54*)

"It's all right, Bill," she said gently. "No one ever calls you Bill, you told me, but I'm going to start it. It's all right, Bill. You don't have to pretend any more. Not with me anyway. I know you are not really a hard case. You are frightened."

He looked up slowly, his face still ashen and drawn, his eyes dazed. Then slowly he reddened.

"I'm sorry," he managed, trying to get to his feet, but she pushed him back. "No, it's all straight now, Bill," she told him. "I understand."

He looked at her, and the loneliness and misery in his eyes cut her hard. "You're right," he said slowly. "I'm frightened. I've always been frightened. But they sort of expect me to do these things."

"Starting from that . . . that accident on your first voyage?" she whispered. He nodded and licked his lips.

"It was just that. I never killed a man. It was just another kid and me scuffling, like kids will, and he fell and hit his head on the scupper edge. It killed him. No one blamed me at the time. But the story grew and grew with each telling. You know how it is. And I guess I look tough anyway. And it seemed I just naturally got a bad name . . . and they called me a hard case. I was sort of flattered at first . . . a bit . . . I was young . . . but they got to figuring I liked to fight and I could do anything and I hadn't any feelings. And then, somehow, I had to go on." He stared at her pleadingly. "You do understand, don't you? I've always been frightened, really. Deep down."

She laid a warm hand on his shoulder and pressed gently.

"I do understand, Bill. The bravest men are always like that, I've heard. And do you know what? Uncle Elias is giving you the Red Peter when we get home. Your command. And, besides that, I'd like you to take me to the fiesta at Port Carlos."

His set face slowly cleared and softened and then grew flushed. He brushed the perspiration from his forehead and clumsily lighted a cigarette, staring fixedly at his fingers.

I DIDN'T think you'd remember my asking that," he muttered, embarrassed. "I thought you were going with Captain Wayne."

"Maybe I was. I've forgotten. And it doesn't seem very important now. I think Uncle Elias had the wrong idea, that's all. Let's not talk about that, Bill."

"It's very swell of you," he said, still staring at his fingers and red to his eartips. "But the second mate asked me for time off in Port Carlos, Miss Gray, and I said all right, not figuring on this. I said I'd take his twelve-to-four watch. I'm sorry."

She helped herself to one of his cigarettes, lighted it, and stared down at his rumpled head, her eyes warm and her face at once serene and understanding. And then she laughed a little and it sounded very happy.

"My name's Margaret, Bill," she said. "And, Bill, would you mind it so very much if I stood the twelve-to-four watch with you?"

THE END

What is your Fire Insurance Policy Worth?

Think you know?... Don't be too sure! Here are eye-opening facts

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN you move into a new house or apartment, one of the first things you do is to go to an insurance agent or broker and get a fire-insurance policy.

Or do you? Some don't. They think the one they got last year or two years ago will do. Well, it won't. Every time you move you must get a new policy, for the old one becomes invalid. That is just one of a number of little items about fire insurance you must know if you are ever to get your money if you have a fire.

Let's look at this business closely. You pay a premium to an agent. In time he sends you a double sheet of foolscap, folded over, with lots of words printed in fine type. On the front sheet there may be smaller pieces of paper pasted on. On the inside sheet you find either 112 or 200 lines of printed matter.

Do you read it? Not very likely. On the whole, it appears heavy and legalistic and dull.

Should you read it? No! It would be a waste of time. In the first place, unless you knew all the decisions of the courts on nearly every clause, the likelihood is that you would reach altogether a false conclusion about everything. Like most contracts drawn up by lawyers and based on court decisions, the words don't always mean what a simple layman understands them to mean. In fact, the "New" New York Standard Policy was passed by the New York State Legislature. It is not only a policy but a law—and you probably know how skillfully confused laws can be made.

No; the only practical way to find out what your insurance policy is worth is to talk over the details with an agent or broker, or to write the company asking specific questions.

But if you have a fire, will the company pay you what you expected—the whole amount of the damages you have suffered? Not likely! It never agreed to do that. In fact, the policy does not say it will.

Fire insurance, like all other forms, stems from the gambling against fate which intrigued Englishmen back in the seventeenth century. They took chances on anything. They risked their money on the probability that doom would not happen. So they gambled that a fire would not occur. And they wrote all sorts of agreements and policies, and some were honestly paid and others were defaulted—leading to lawsuits.

It was really the lawsuits that decided what the character of fire insurance was to be. England's gowned and wigged judges passed on the meanings and intentions of words and clauses, and their decisions over nearly three centuries definitely affect us when our houses burn down. For every word of an insurance policy is grounded in the law, and an insurance company will spend thousands of dollars fighting a case before its lawyers will agree to a deviation from legal precedent.

In this country there are only five different fire-insurance policies in use. You may see on different policies the names of many companies, some of them foreign ones. But they can use only five policies, and neither the company nor the insured can decide which is to be used. It is usually the state legislature which decides that—and no other policy is valid in that state. It is important to know what form is usable in your state. You can find out from your State Commissioner of Insurance. These five forms are:

1. The "Old New York Standard Policy," which consists of 112 lines on the inside page. It was adopted in 1886 and is used in about twenty-seven states. About 40 per cent of all fire insurance in this country is written on it. Since 1886 only one change has been made—its size was changed in 1911 to fit the typewriter!

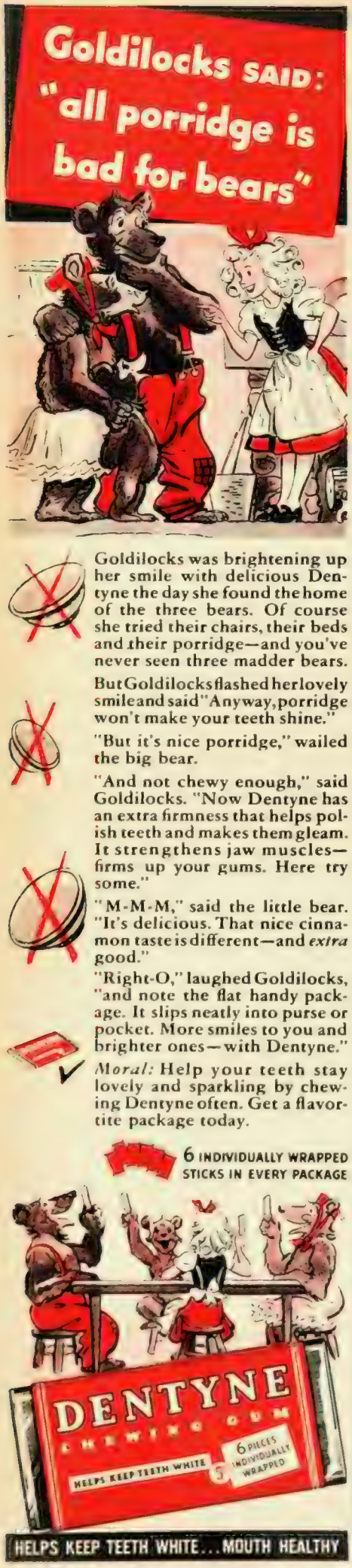
2. The "New New York Standard Policy," which contains 200 lines of printed matter. It was established by law in 1918. It is used in, I believe, fifteen states, including New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, and it does about 40 per cent of the fire-insurance business. Every word, the spelling, paragraphing, every comma and dot in it is determined by the law. If an insurance company should use simplified spelling or a different size of type, the policy would become invalid.

3. The "Massachusetts" or "New England Standard Policy," used in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, and Minnesota. It was adopted in 1873 and about 10 per cent of all insurance is written on it. Some experts say it is a more liberal policy than the New York style.

Numbers 4 and 5 are the Iowa and California types, which are modifications of the New York policies.

Note that these five forms are between fifty-odd and twenty-odd years old! They

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY


Goldilocks SAID: "all porridge is bad for bears"
Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the day she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you've never seen three madder bears.
But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said "Anyway, porridge won't make your teeth shine."
"But it's nice porridge," wailed the big bear.
"And not chewy enough," said Goldilocks. "Now Dentyne has an extra firmness that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some."
"M-M-M," said the little bear. "It's delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and extra good."
"Right-O," laughed Goldilocks, "and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne."
Moral: Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a flavortite package today.
6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE
DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
5
6 PIECES INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE...MOUTH HEALTHY

are hallowed, and if you try to break through them because you feel aggrieved, you've got all those years of court decisions to buck. And remember that if you haven't the correct policy for the right place you have nothing. Therefore buying fire insurance by mail or from a fly-by-night broker is risky. If you don't know your broker or agent or whoever sells you insurance, ask to see his license issued by the State Commissioner of Insurance—if your state does that. At any rate, find out about him and the insurance company and the form used.

Now, what are you buying? In the first place, all that you buy is *a promise that if your property should suffer damages you will get back from the insurance company sufficient money to replace the property as it was before the fire.* The insurance company may do the replacing itself. The policy gives the company the right to do it. Furthermore, the company will take precautions that the insured does not profit from a fire.

LET me cite an example:

Mr. Smith built a house in 1928. It cost him $15,000. At that time wages and materials were high. But he wanted a good home of his own and he put up what he regarded as a good house. It represented his savings. He insured it for $15,000 and paid premiums on it from 1928 to 1936, when it burned to the ground.

Did he get $15,000 to replace that house? Not at all! His policy had merely promised that the amount *would not exceed $15,000.* In 1936 wages and material were lower than in 1928. That house could be replaced, let us say, for $11,500, and he had lived in it for eight years, which meant depreciation. The probability is that he would receive somewhere between $10,000 and $12,000 for total destruction, maybe less.

On the other hand, if he had built his house in 1932, when wages and material were very low, and it burned down in 1937, when they were higher, replacement would probably involve the payment of the full $15,000 if he put up a fight.

Now, suppose Mr. Smith, even at the cost of paying a double premium, insured his $15,000 house for $30,000. What would happen then? In the first place, the insurance company would issue a policy for $30,000 and accept the premium. But when the house burned down, it would demand evidence that that particular house could not be replaced under $30,000. *The burden of the proof would be on Smith.* He would have to produce bills, contracts, specifications, witnesses, etc. And if the company could prove fraud he'd probably go to jail.

Why did they issue the policy without investigating the facts? The insurance companies say they cannot afford such investigations if they are to charge the low rates in effect, which are fixed by the state, as a rule. Therefore they issue the policy, take the premiums, and then make the insured prove his loss.

It is very important to know that the burden of proof is on you. Most people have no inventories of their personal possessions. I suppose some day—when we get around to it—my wife and I will have to make an inventory of every item in every room of our house, because, should there be a fire, lines Nos. 126 to 158 of the "New New York Standard Policy" (and there are similar clauses in all other forms of policies) tell me that it's up to me to prove loss—and if I can't, I may not get my money.

Here is what these lines say:

"1. Insured must give immediate written notice.

"2. Insured must protect the property from further damage, separate the damaged and undamaged and put in best possible order and make complete inventory showing cost and amount claimed on each article.

"3. Insured must furnish within sixty days after fire satisfactory proof of loss, failure so to do within this period being fatal to recovery unless requirement has been waived.

"4. Insured must furnish and exhibit when requested plans, specifications and other data enumerated in these requirements and submit to examination under oath and produce books and records at such reasonable time and place as may be designated."

I CANNOT sufficiently emphasize the importance of having *proof.* You may once have had money and now you're broke. You have a fire. The adjuster says to himself, "A man like this couldn't have owned all the things he says he lost in this fire." If you can't prove the damages, they don't have to give you the money. If you ask for $5,000 for damages to personal property because your policy has that figure in it, remember that the amount you get may be much less, depending on the damages you can prove.

Any policy you buy will have on the outside sheet at the bottom:

"*It is important that the written portions of all policies covering the same property read exactly alike. If they do not they should be made uniform at once.*"

I am sure that few people read that. And the few who do pay no attention to it. Yet it is tremendously important to you. Suppose you insure your house and also something else, like a machine. Or suppose two people for some reason insure the same property, but it is described differently in the policies. This makes for trouble, and would probably lead to a reduction in the losses allowed. The insurance companies will always adopt the least costly description. You would be up against an admission on your part that the more costly description was an error. And the clause which I quote would get you in Dutch in a court, because

it would be held that it was your business to read the policy and know what was in it.

Many policies contain this rider:

"New York Standard Average Clause.—This company shall not be liable for a greater proportion of any loss or damage to the property described herein than the sum hereby insured bears to —— per cent of the actual cash value of said property at the time such loss shall happen, nor for more than the proportion which this policy bears to the total insurance thereon.

"In the event that the aggregate claim for any loss is both less than $10,000 and less than five per cent of the total amount of insurance upon the property described herein at the time such loss occurs, no special inventory or appraisement of the undamaged property shall be required.

"If the insurance under this policy be divided into two or more items, the foregoing shall apply to each item separately."

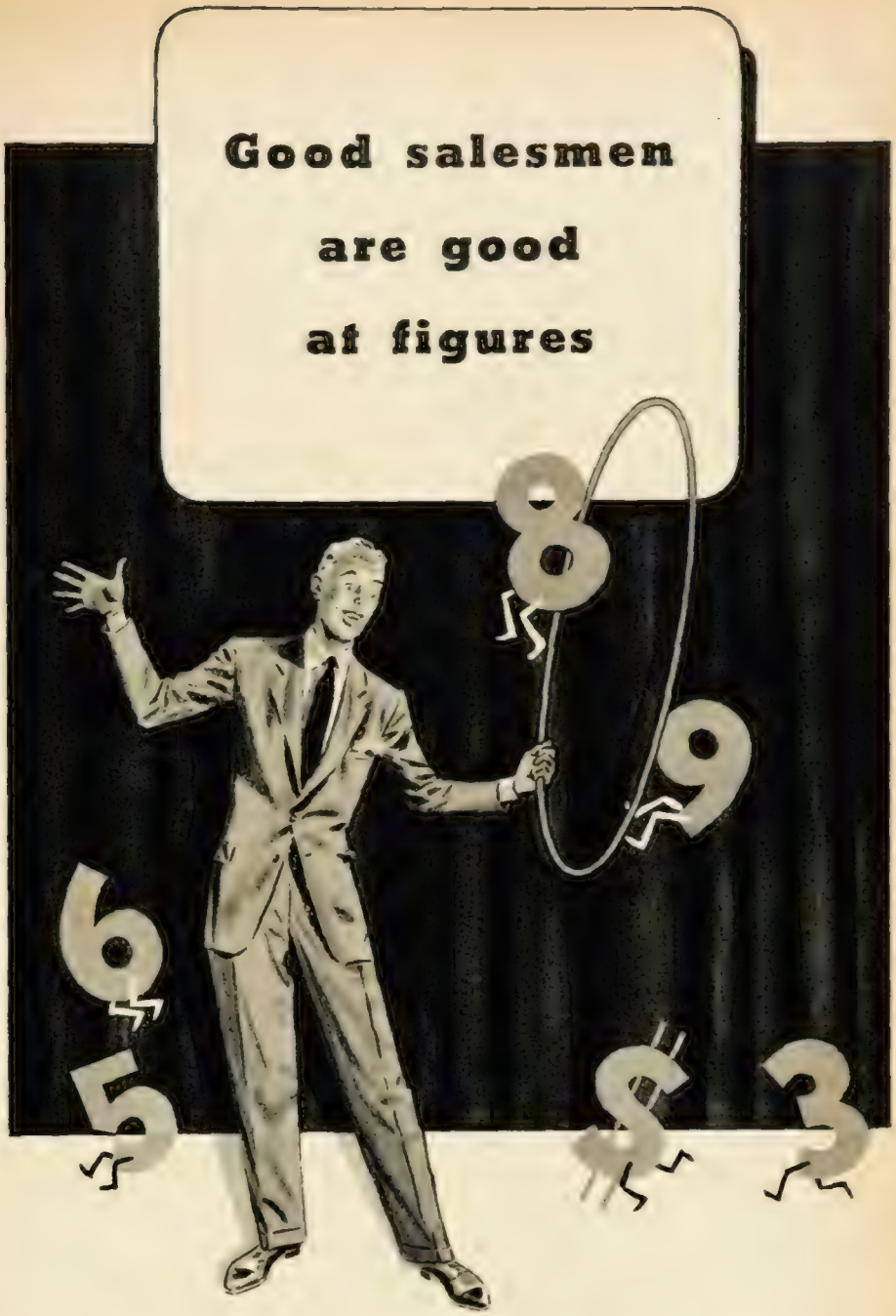
LET us say Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown buy houses in a subdivision. All the houses in it are valued at $10,000. Mr. Jones insures his for $10,000 and pays the premium on 80 per cent of that amount. But Mr. Brown knows that in that area 90 per cent of the fires are put out before the damage amounts to more than 30 per cent. So he insures his house for only $3,000 and pays a premium accordingly. Both policies have an "80 per cent clause."

When the houses burned down, both Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown suffered losses of approximately $10,000. Mr. Jones received $10,000, but Mr. Brown only received $3,000. If the loss had amounted to $4,000 and the fire-insurance company agreed to pay in full, Jones would receive $4,000, but Brown $1,500. Brown had only insured for three eighths of the value of the property, and therefore the company assumed, from the facts on the face of the policy, that some one else, maybe other insurance companies, carried the other five eighths. In a word, Mr. Brown got stuck to the extent of $2,500 because of inadequate insurance. To be sure, so long as no fire occurred, Mr. Brown saved money. But if no fire is ever to occur, why carry insurance?

The object of this particular clause is to reduce rates on the assumption that in certain places, such as large cities, the danger of a fire completely wiping out a building is very slight. The fire departments do their work too well for that to happen often. Therefore it is safe to average down the rate in such areas.

On the other hand, state insurance commissions demand that the rate be "adequate," as otherwise the fire-insurance companies would go broke.

When you look at your policy, you will note that a number of riders are pasted on the front of it. These state special provisions which are not included in the general description. There may be a rider concerning



Here's one worth figuring out!

DIVIDE the total cost of your last sales trip by the number of customers visited. (One company found this average cost to see a customer was about $9.)

Now average what it would have cost you to *telephone* each customer before you started for his town.★ (The same company computed the average cost of such calls at approximately 75c.

Your figures may be different, but the principle's the same.

If the Long Distance call tells you your customer is tied up or away, you save the expense of a visit!

If you find out he *is* available, you can make a definite appointment, avoid a long lobby-wait, and have time for more visits per day.

Either way, it's a doggoned good investment!

★ Many rates are shown on the inside front cover of most directories.

I'VE FOUND TWO DELICIOUS WAYS TO SERVE CHOPPED MEAT!

1 BARBECUED STEAK. Mix 1 lb. ground round steak with 1 tsp. salt and form to resemble an inch-thick steak. Brown on both sides in hot fat. Combine ⅓ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, 1 tbs. Worcestershire, 1 tbs. Cider Vinegar, 1 tbs. sugar. Pour over steak. Cover—simmer 15 minutes—and serve hot with sauce.

2 PARISIAN HORS D'OEUVRE PATTIES. Grind ½ lb. raw lean steak three times. Soak 2 tbs. bread crumbs in ⅔ cup milk. Combine meat, bread crumbs, 1½ tbs. chopped Heinz Sweet Gherkins, 2 tbs. chopped cooked beets, ½ tsp. salt, dash pepper. Fry slice of bread (2½ x 3 inches) in butter. Spread one side with Heinz Tomato Ketchup—then with layer of meat mixture. Fry meat side 2 minutes.

ADD THIS DASH OF DIFFERENCE TO YOUR COOKING

BRING Heinz Tomato Ketchup to the rescue when menus need a lift! Just a dash lends zest to new dishes and old favorites. For Heinz Ketchup is a grand mingling of flavors in itself! It's the cooked-down richness of Heinz pedigreed tomatoes, Heinz Vinegar and racy spices. You'll want a bottle for the table—another for cooking use!

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

5

lightning or explosions or electricity or the storing of kerosene or gasoline. It is of the utmost importance to be protected according to your particular needs. You may own a little garage close to your house, and store gasoline there for your car. Your policy says that you can't do that. So, if you have a fire and the gasoline is discovered, the insurance company won't pay you anything. The fire marshal might even suspect you of arson. Your agent or broker should have protected you about this.

Or maybe you are out in the country and have been using lamps. On comes electricity and you wire your house for lights. You had better tell your agent, because maybe your building should not have wiring or maybe you put in the wrong wiring. There are lots of items like this which may cause you trouble. You can get a rider to cover almost any of these items—or you may need some special type of insurance.

And mark this: You are dependent upon your agent or broker. The insurance companies know them, and if yours is in good standing he can fight for you with the chance of winning favorable decisions. But if you buy your insurance from some one whom you don't know and who doesn't know you, some one who just watches for premiums and who never studies your problems, you'll probably be sunk in the event of a fire.

BUT remember, if you're in trouble, nothing counts but what appears on your policy. If the agent tells you, "Don't worry; I'll fix things for you," tell him to stick it on the policy. There it has value—and nowhere else.

The best way is to place all your insurance with one broker—fire, life, car, anything you take. Modern insurance brokers study the problem closely and work for their clients. But in some states brokers are not permitted to operate; they insist on agents, who represent the companies.

Finally, don't ever forget that in fire insurance *the amount you get back from the company can be only what they believe it would cost them to replace the damaged property—and no more.* There is a policy called a "Valued Policy" which would give you a return of exactly the amount stated on it; but in most states such policies are forbidden as a temptation to commit arson.

So when you ask, "What's my policy worth?" I'll tell you: *It's worth only what the insurance company thinks you lost in a fire that you didn't make to collect insurance.* Only that. If you feel swindled, you can go to a court or to the State Insurance Commission. And the gamble is that you'll lose your case.

Nobody is happy about the present fire-insurance policy. It seems outmoded and at times unfair. The National Association of Insurance Commissioners is working on a revised policy. But it isn't here yet.

THE END

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

OLD Chief Blow Snake can't read or write, but he's the author of a book just the same. At Columbia University he has been dictating Indian lore to ethnologists, and now that's finished he'll be glad to get back on the reservation. . . . Even when successful in business or the arts, American Indians don't trust cities. Hate to think they may forget their native skills. Last year a prominent Indian lecturer feared he was growing too citified, so he postponed all engagements to go to Maine and practice moose calls. He's still there. . . . My information comes from a lady I think you ought to know about. Director of the Players Guild of Manhattan, teacher of radio and stagecraft, June Justice interests herself actively in Indian careers. Originally from Oklahoma, she and song composer Opal Harrison Williford organized the Oklahoma Club of New York to help Western Indians make good in the East. Will Rogers is the modern Indians' hero, Miss Justice told me. Nowadays Indians are in every art. Acee Blue Eagle is their ace mural painter; Ish-ti-opi their star concert singer and the handsomest brave you ever laid eyes on. Princess Atalie teaches the use of Indian herb simples—sassafras tea to prevent colds, sage tea to cure colds, red-clover tea to cut down your coffee drinking. Of the five Oklahoma tribes — Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek, Osage, and Pawnee — Creeks and Osages are now the richest, though they were given the poorest, rockiest reservation land. But oil was found on it! And *that* was justice, says June.

☆ On a recent holiday, when all big movie houses were crowded to the doors, some friends of mine went to a little cinema where a French picture was being shown. With them was a lady they didn't know very well—a war refugee recently arrived from France. The picture told the story of a Parisian wife who loved her husband but gave him up so he could marry a girl he had seduced and father the girl's child. As the narrative developed on the screen, the French lady in my friends' party became more and more agitated. She broke finally into uncontrollable tears. Leaving the theater, she apologized. "I am sorry," she sobbed, "but I could not help it. That story, you see, is my own life."

☆ Women seldom dare snub the austere *maître d'hôtel* at a smart night spot, but when it comes to mere waiters and bus boys, who do all the work, why, that is another matter. *They* get snooted and snapped at by plenty of girls. So I thought it would be of interest to find out which ladies the bus boys and working waiters really like. To my inquiry at the Stork Club, they voted for Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. (Ethel du Pont) because she asks instead of demanding, and always says "please." . . . Their vote at Club Cuba was for dancer Renée de Marco, because of her invariably smiling "thank you." . . . Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh received special mention for good nature and *not* showing off by ordering complicated meals.

☆ Best new book I've seen on the subject of household budgeting is Louise Hollister Scott's Income Management for Women. (Published by Harper & Brothers.)

☆ Clifford J. Byrne, writing from Drummondville, Canada, tells me about a surprise experience enjoyed by an American lady visiting Quebec. Early one morning she waited on a corner for a streetcar. A crowd of French-Canadian laboring men waited there, too, for the same car. When it came along she braced herself for the ordeal of elbowing her way through the men. To her amazement, they lined up and formed a lane for her, doffing their hats with true French gallantry as she climbed aboard. After her years of New York subway riding, she hasn't yet recovered from the shock.

☆ New on the market are a couple of food products well worth discovering. One is a glass jar of smoked turkey pâté, used mostly for cocktail canapés but grand also to spread on toasted biscuits topped with scrambled eggs as a Sunday breakfast-party dish. . . . Then, in a convenient bowl-shaped container, there is a new tomato catsup, mild and smooth. Mix it with mayonnaise and chopped walnuts for potato-salad dressing. . . . And there's an excellent Philadelphia scrapple that now comes in cans. Serve fried, with apple or pineapple rings, or combine with left-over gravy and bake forty-five minutes in buttered dish lined with sliced potatoes.

"Did a Mr. Mathews check out of here today?"

☆ Antique hunters with sentiment are on the lookout, I hear, for carved wooden pineapples to emplace over the front doors of their homes. In colonial times the pineapple denoted hospitality. Ladies went so far as to wear coral earrings cut in the form of miniature pineapples. Don't ignore any antique pineapple of wood or lead or stone. They are stylish for garden decoration, as well as for architecture. No symbol of hospitality can ever grow old.

Death WAITS FOR A LADY

Is a lovely girl in danger? . . Now, in a vivid novel, suspicion gives way to fear

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BARTLETT TODD, lawyer for Commodore Bruce Campbell, sails in his yawl, the White Heron, to find out if an old wreck, discovered in the Barren Cays in the Bahamas by Jeremy Jones, writer and yachtsman, is really the Bluebird, on which the Commodore's son Duncan, and Duncan's wife Deborah, sailed twenty years ago. On his arrival at Little Harbor he finds that Charlie Campbell, the Commodore's wastrel son, and his new wife, formerly Iris Lake, once a rumrunner and now owner of Miami night clubs, are already there on Iris' boat, the Daiquiri. Charlie will inherit a fortune if his brother can be proved dead, and Iris, Bart discovers, faces jail if she doesn't get some money.

Iris and Charlie, for some reason, are anxious to keep him away from the wreck, and have hired Ann Jones, daughter of Jeremy—who is now dead—to pilot them there. Although he is in love with Ann, Bart cannot help but believe that she knows what Charlie and Iris are up to and is working against him.

With Tommy, the Commodore's eleven-year-old grandson, Killer, an ex-prize-fighter, and Albert, a Bahaman Negro, who was injured when an attempt was made to beach the Heron, he prepares to sail for the Barren Cays. He can get no pilot, except a Negro who is obviously in Iris' pay, so he decides to do without one.

PART EIGHT--STRANGE DOINGS ON THE DAIQUIRETTE

IT did not take us long to haul our anchor aboard, start the motor, and get under way, heading out past the Daiquiri for the narrow passage which led to the open sea. A single star still shone palely in the

By **WHITMAN CHAMBERS**

Iris came up and started toward us. She swam with her head held awkwardly high.

yellowing, cloudless eastern sky. In the cool pre-sunrise hush the muffled exhaust of our motor was the only sound, the geometric waves from our bow the only ripples on the glass-smooth dark green surface of the bay. The village, so far as I could see, still slept. Apparently the only person who watched us leave was the big pockmarked black, Freddy, who was leaning on the stern rail of the Daiquiri.

Killer, snaking down the anchor line to dry, remarked with a grin: "I wouldn't mind tangling with that guy, cap."

"You'll probably have a chance," I said. "We'll meet him at Bootjack—when and if we get there. Tommy, how about that coffee?"

"Comin' right up, skipper!"

He brought it up steaming, and we sat there drinking it while Albert took us through the winding passage. The tide was ebbing and the mangroves on either side slid by us fast. In the faint dawn light the water was deceptive and, in the narrow channel, Albert was busy. I saw that he was using only one hand on the wheel, was holding his right arm against his side. I saw this, but it did not register—I was too busy thinking about Iris' sending that Negro to pilot us—to wreck us, really. Too busy thinking about Ann Jones setting out in such company. Too busy, perhaps, worrying about Ann Jones. Too preoccupied, in short, to realize that Albert's arm was broken.

Outside, the jade-green swells were long and smooth and sweeping. They broke cleanly, regularly, with a thundering roar on the salt-white beaches to port and starboard of the harbor entrance. The wind came just as the brassy sun poked its rim over the horizon. It wasn't strong at first. It barely rippled the oily water.

I gave Albert the course, north one half east, and went below to get breakfast, with the White Heron pitching rhythmically to the swells. Within ten minutes Albert called me on deck. The wind had freshened and steadied in the southeast. We got sail on her and cut the motor. She had been making a smooth six knots. Now, under sail alone, she made a fair five. If the wind held—and it was more apt to freshen than to fall off—we'd make Red Dog Cay well before dark without using another drop of gasoline. That would be a lucky break; for, as Ann had pointed out, the Barren Cays was no place to run short of gasoline.

The wooded end of Fiddler Cay—the settlement and harbor were invisible from seaward—drew steadily astern. Dr. Featherstone's home on the hill grew smaller and smaller. The land, the green land and the mangroves and the palms, gradually fell off below the horizon until only the small white one-time lighthouse was left. It stayed there for nearly an hour, taking on queer shapes as it shimmered in the heat haze. Then all at once we couldn't see it any more. There was no sail, no other boat, no land in sight, and the White Heron was a little world alone in the exact center of the most beautiful water on earth.

We were skirting the edge of Hurricane Banks in, according to the charts, more than 300 fathoms. The water was Gulf Stream blue, the blue of Ann Jones' eyes. Watching it slide past, you'd swear it was stained with indigo dye until you dragged up a bucketful and discovered it was gin-clear. Off to starboard stretched the banks, yellow and brown and pink and green. The greens were the most lovely—jade green, bottle green, turquoise green, Nile green. Name them all, all the shades of green you know, and there would still be patches of that shimmering water you couldn't put a tag to. There was enough wind to stir up the bottom a little, to milk up the water ever so slightly, to give it that opalescent sheen you get on these marly Bahaman banks.

The wind freshened as the morning wore on, and by noon a few whitecaps were kicking up, curling like tufts of white wool, falling off the swells and disappearing into the blue. It held on from the southeast, steady as a trade wind. The sails bellied more and more tightly. Save for a tiny quivering at the throats of the main and mizzen, they might have been carved out of wood. The bone in the Heron's teeth grew taller and broader, the gurgle of the passing water grew louder, the hissing and boiling of our wake grew more pronounced. It was sweet sailing.

By noon we were logging nine knots, and I sent Killer up the mast to try to pick up Red Dog Cay. I was beginning to think we might round Red Dog and, running close-hauled, make Loggerhead Cay before nightfall, thus doing in a single day what I had expected would take two days.

Then, at one o'clock, the breeze began to fade. The whitecaps disappeared and our speed dropped off until we were barely making steerageway and rolling heavily on the full-bosomed swells. The wind grew puffy, veering all over the southern quadrant. The rigging began to slat around and we jibed half a dozen times. Finally the breeze died altogether and the sails hung limp and sloppy-looking, and I knew we'd never make Loggerhead that day.

I called to Killer, sitting astride the gaff three fourths up the mast: "Any land in sight yet?"

"No land, skipper. There's a little squall dead ahead, but I don't see no land."

"The hell with it!" I muttered. "Start the motor, Tommy."

Leaving the sails set, on the off chance a fair wind might come up later in the afternoon, we sheeted everything in, so the canvas wouldn't slat about as we rolled, and went on under power. Killer stayed on the gaff. In fact, he must have gone to sleep up there with his arms folded around the mast, because when he finally called down, "Land ho!" I could see three or four palm trees from the deck. They were a point or so on our starboard bow.

I went forward and started up the

mast. The palms rose right out of the sea with each step I took until there was a whole grove of them, and at last, when I got as high as I could without tipping Killer off the gaff, I made out a long low cay. As the boat rolled on the swell the cay seemed to grow smaller and then larger, as though it were made of rubber, and once it shot out like swiftly flowing lava, and then abruptly disappeared into the sea.

"Now you see it, now you don't," Killer commented. "It's enough to give a guy the heebies. What makes that, skip?"

I muttered something about refraction and the curvature of the earth, swung over to the stays, and slid to the deck. It was three ten. It would be after four by the time we made Red Dog Cay, and, considering the uncertain weather, I decided to play safe, find the anchorage Ann had mentioned, and stay there for the night. As I walked aft, Killer, who had put his leg over the gaff and started down, yelled:

"Hi, cap! There's that boat! Right behind us!"

I had been watching for the Daiquirette, but she sat so low in the water she had slipped up within a quarter of a mile of us without my seeing her. The trim craft, looking small and frail on the wide expanse of blue water, came on at a leisurely ten knots. As she drew abeam of us, distant less than a hundred yards, I saw there were five people aboard her: the Negro Freddy, another black whom I did not recognize, Iris and Charlie and Ann Jones. Ann, who was at the wheel, waved perfunctorily. So far as the others were concerned, we might not have existed. As the cruiser forged ahead, I glanced at Albert. He was sitting back on the gear housing, steering with his feet, watching the other craft. He looked puzzled and miserable.

"What's wrong, Albert?" I knew well enough: his little lady, in effect, had snubbed him. "Does your arm hurt?"

"No, cap'n. It hain't de harm," he replied.

"Then what's wrong?"

"Hi doan like to see de li'l' lady with dem two fellers," he declared fretfully. "Dey baad, cap'n. Hi worried."

WELL, I was worried too—but not about the little lady.

"Don't you think she knows they're bad men?" I asked impatiently. "After all, they worked for her in the rum racket. She ought to know what they are. If she's so anxious to get to Bootjack that she'd take along that pair to pilot her—"

I broke off, realizing I wasn't talking sense. Those two maverick blacks were not pilots. *Ann Jones* was piloting the party to Bootjack!

Why, then, was Iris overcrowding the boat by taking the Negroes? On the face of it, it didn't make sense. And yet I knew—right down in my heart I knew—that everything that had happened concerning this search for the Bluebird—from Ann's refusal to pilot us, to the cutting of our anchor line by Greenwood Gates—made *plenty* of sense. I knew there was a key somewhere that would unlock the whole thing. But I didn't have the key and I didn't know where to look for it.

The flat calm persisted. The water grew more oily, the air more dead and stifling. The sun was appallingly hot. The cabin, with virtually no circulation of air, was intolerable. On deck there was no shade, no relief from the glare and the burning heat. The decks steamed when Killer threw water on them and any metal you chanced to touch felt as though it had been preheated by a blowtorch.

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M.
Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.S.T.	Minneapolis / St. Paul	KSTP 10:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo	WKBW 9:00 E.S.T.		
Chicago	WGN 8:00 C.S.T.	New York	WOR 9:00 E.S.T.
Cleveland	WHK 9:00 E.S.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.S.T.
Detroit	WXYZ 9:00 E.S.T.	San Antonio	KABC 8:00 C.S.T.
Fort Worth	KFJZ 9:00 C.S.T.	St. Louis	KWK 9:00 C.S.T.
Houston	KXYZ 8:00 C.S.T.	Washington, D.C.	WOL 9:00 E.S.T.
Kansas City	WREN 10:00 C.S.T.		
Los Angeles	KHJ 7:00 P.S.T.	San Diego	KGB 7:00 P.S.T.
San Francisco	KFRC 7:00 P.S.T.	Santa Barbara	KDB 7:00 P.S.T.

Albert was used to the heat and Killer seemed not to mind it. But Tommy, I saw, was wilting, and I felt pretty washed out myself.

"No more wind today, Albert?" I asked.

"No more wind today, cap'n."

"Then we might as well furl our sails. Killer, let's get on with it."

There was no hurry and we took it easy, one sail at a time, dawdling over the gaskets, sparing no pains to do a neat job, working so slowly that two or three times Killer almost went to sleep draped over the boom. By the time we had finished, Red Dog Cay was only a few miles off our starboard bow and Albert was bearing more and more to the eastward, hugging the curve of Hurricane Bank.

I got the glasses and, from the cabin trunk, looked over the island. It lay roughly east and west; it was about a mile long and quite narrow. The grove of coco palms which rose from the eastern end was not extensive and the palms themselves looked ratty and wind-torn. The balance of the island stretched out in windrows of barren salt-white coral sand. The Daiquirette had anchored off the palm grove and, while I watched, her tiny tender was put overside and two people rowed away toward the shore. That place, from where I was, did not look at all protected from a southerly blow.

As we drew closer, however, I saw that the bank put out a westerly spur, and we had to pull off our course fully half a mile to get around it. Then, working back to eastward, with the island less than a mile away on our port hand, I realized that the anchorage was indeed almost completely surrounded by shoals. Running at half speed, Albert steered out of the blue water and into the yellowish green, following a narrowing arm of sandy bottom about two fathoms deep.

He swung around four or five ugly brown coral heads which were probably dry at low water, paralleled a submerged sawtooth reef for a few hundred yards, and finally cut the motor and told Killer to let go the hook.

The Daiquirette wasn't fifty feet away from us.

THE little cruiser's tender was drawn up on the beach, and we saw the two blacks sitting back in the shade of the palms. Neither Iris nor Ann Jones was in sight, but Charlie Campbell was sitting in the canopied cockpit. He held a tall glass in one hand, and when he shook it I could almost hear the ice tinkle. He was grinning at us smugly.

"How you doing?" he called.

"Fine," I said.

"Well, I suppose this is the end of the line for you people."

"I wouldn't say so."

He turned his head toward the cabin doorway. "How about it, Miss Jones?" Talking, of course, loud enough for us to hear. "They'll get in trouble if they go any further, won't they?"

Ann stepped out of the cabin. She had put on a dark blue bathing suit. She stepped up to the rail, poised there a moment, looking at us across the intervening water.

"Oh, they may make Whale Cay," she said clearly. "But from there on—"

She stood there, shrugging her tanned shoulders.

Tommy cried fiercely: "I know Whale Cay! If Bart gets me that far, I can take him the rest of the way with my chart."

As he spoke, Ann dove cleanly into the water. She came up and swam lazily in our direction. I stripped off my sweat shirt, which I had worn all day to keep the blistering sun off my shoulders, dove in, and swam to meet her. We met halfway between the two boats, treading water for a moment, looking each other over like two fighters coming together after the first bell. Then she smiled.

"Silly, isn't it?" she said. "I mean—this race to Bootjack."

"No, I don't believe it is, Ann. I don't believe it's silly at all. I believe everything is in deadly earnest. You and I are in a fight, and we're on opposite sides. I don't believe you really know what you're fighting for, and I'm sure I don't know what I'm fighting for. But I do know we're playing for keeps. Look. They won't even let me talk to you alone."

She turned her head, following my eyes. Iris, in a white bathing suit, had come into the cruiser's cockpit and stepped up onto the rail. She dove hurriedly, too flatly, hitting the water hard.

"She doesn't care for swimming," I said, "and she's deathly afraid of sharks."

"It's awfully hot and there aren't any sharks in here," Ann replied lightly.

Iris came up and started toward us. She swam with her head held awkwardly high. I had never seen her swim before, and now I knew why—Iris Lake rarely did anything unless she could do it well.

Lowering my voice, I said: "Ann, who are those blacks you have aboard?"

"They used to work for Mrs. Campbell."

"Why did she bring them?"

"To do the diving."

"That doesn't make sense. You could dive. So could Charlie. It isn't anything."

"She insisted. I told her it wasn't necessary, but she insisted."

"Why? . . . *Why*, Ann?"

She looked at me for a long moment, her arms and legs moving mechanically. For a fleeting instant I saw fear in her dark blue eyes. Then she said flatly, with a smile that reflected only bewilderment: "I don't know, Bart. I truly don't."

"You're frightened, Ann."

Her smile brightened. "Only a little, Bart."

She turned away from me, as much at home in the water as a porpoise. Iris swam up to us, breathing hard. Relaxing, she looked at me and said: "The water is glorious, isn't it, darling?"

I said, "Yes—*dear*. Wonderful."

Then I turned and headed back to the Heron, swimming hard, with my face in the water, her sardonic laughter ringing in my ears.

AS I reached for the Heron's rail, Tommy and Killer dove over me.

I hung on, watching them swim toward the shore. Iris had started back to the cruiser, splashing a good deal. Ann lay floating halfway between the two boats. I thought for a moment of swimming over to her and continuing the conversation Iris had interrupted. Ann had admitted she was afraid—and I wanted to know why. But a man has a little pride and it was more than I could do to keep asking, asking, asking, when she was unwilling to talk. Finally I swam around to the bumpkin and hauled myself on board.

Albert was lounging near the

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wheel. "You got a cigarette, cap'n?"

"Sure. There's plenty in the locker over the sink. Help yourself."

He went below. I recalled vaguely that he had hardly smoked all day, and then only when I had given him a cigarette. I knew he had the makings, too. But—thinking of Iris and that confident, almost cocky smile she had given me—I didn't dwell on the fact that I had never before known Albert to cadge cigarettes.

We ate dinner on deck that night, in the humid darkness. Off to starboard the cruiser's cabin lights twinkled cheerfully and now and then we heard voices, Iris' gay laughter and Charlie's hoarse and drunken tones. I never once heard Ann Jones' voice. Ashore, the two blacks had built a small fire, cooked something over it in a pot. We saw their shadowy figures moving lazily about the blaze for a while and then we didn't see them any more and the fire burned down to a tiny bed of coals.

There was still no wind. The palms ashore, pitch-black against the stars and the blue-black sky, hung limp and motionless and bedraggled. On the other side of the island a dying surf moaned and hissed, the sounds coming to us muffled and fitful. We were all of us, each in our way, restive and keyed up—when we should have been relaxed and sleepy.

Tommy called the Commodore on the radiophone and talked to him excitedly for a long time. Albert sat in his usual spot beside the wheel, smoking one cigarette after another. He seemed moody when I spoke to him, and tonight he offered none of the casual small talk he usually indulged in when the day's run was over and we were snugly anchored. Killer, for once, did not seem at all sleepy. Between cigarettes he prowled around the deck, stubbing his clumsy toes in the darkness, swearing a lot. I noticed he kept watching the shore and the pin point of light that had been the Negroes' fire, and I knew he was worried.

"We're setting watches tonight," I said finally.

"Yeah?" He was all enthusiasm. "Which one you want me to take?"

"I'll stay up till midnight. Albert can take the twelve to three. He'll wake you and you can stay on till dawn. Think you can keep awake?"

"Listen, skip! I go to sleep once, and what happens? Some punk cuts our anchor line. O. K.! This time I stay awake. And if one of those bimbos comes fooling around this packet, I brain him with the capstan bar. O. K. with you?"

"O. K. with me, Killer."

"Don't I take a watch?" Tommy asked.

"You're on till nine tonight, sailor."

"Heck! It's eight now. And what good 'm I doin', with all you people awake?"

"We'll go to sleep. After all, this is your expedition and you ought to get a little fun out of it."

With no breeze to ventilate the cabin, it was insufferably hot below, so we pulled mattresses on deck and turned in and made a pretense of sleeping, for Tommy's sake. The boy took his duty seriously, pacing up and down the deck, shining the beam of a flashlight completely around the boat every minute or two. I noted that each time the beam went around, it lingered for a moment on the Negroes' camp ashore. It didn't show anything—the light was too faint at that distance—but I knew that Tommy was worried and puzzled, too.

At nine sharp he came to me where I lay on the forward deck, shook my shoulder, and said briskly:

"Nine o'clock, sir. All is well!"

"O. K., sailor. You're relieved. Grab a mattress and turn in."

"Aye, aye, sir."

HE went aft. I sat up, not because I was afraid of going to sleep, but the mattress was getting hard and I was restless and jumpy. Killer was snoring by this time, and Albert, even on this breathless night, was curled up in his blanket. I slid over to the rail and sat there watching the Daiquirette.

Her cabin lights were still on, but I didn't hear voices any more, and after a while her lights went off. The fire on shore had gone completely out by this time, and I couldn't see the blacks. There wasn't a sign of life anywhere about us, except those occasional flashing streaks of phosphorescence under the surface of the oily water, where the grim battle for life never ceased.

The bright, low-hanging stars wheeled westward. Constellations sank below the rim of the sea and new constellations rose. It must have been nearly midnight when, without even a warning splash, I heard a low voice in the water at my feet say:

"Bart! Is that you?"

Speechless, I stared down into the glistening wet face of Ann Jones.

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The Truth about Opening Nights

A candid-camera slant on some legends of Broadway

BY

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THERE are two legends about New York's theatrical opening nights. The first, inculcated in the minds of the citizenry beyond the boundaries of Manhattan by half the syndicated columnar chitchatters, is that they are uniformly resplendent affairs with audiences made up entirely of gentlemen beside whom the Duke of Windsor looks like a hand-me-down and of ladies dressed like a simultaneous explosion in Revillon Frères', Wadley & Smythe's, and Cartier's shop windows. The second, inculcated in turn in the minds of the same citizenry by the other and more cynical half, is that they are uniformly drab affairs with audiences made up for the greater part of actors' agents, Tin Pan Alley cats, ticket speculators, herring restaurateurs, and the like, most of them in pants that badly need pressing.

Both legends, I may solemnly affirm after thirty years of on-the-spot observation, investigation, and research, are what is designated in the more recherché literary circles as salami. The usual New York theatrical opening is factually no more like either of these set pictures of it than the opening of a can of beer is like the popping of a champagne bottle, or vice versa. The truth is that it either lies midway between the two or is indistinguishable from a second, tenth, or even fiftieth night.

The widespread idea that before a first night the audience, dressed to the nose, dines en masse at the Colony and proceeds elegantly to the scene in Hispanos is as fabulous as that which imagines it assembles at Lindy's delicatessen in yesterday's shirt and moves on to the theater in garbage wagons. And no less nonsensical is the theory that in either case, or in both together, the jury is possessed of a remarkably rich acumen in the matter of theatrical values. For if first-night applause were to be accepted as a symbol of worth, there would be hardly a play or show that would ever make less than half a million dollars.

As an experienced student of opening nights, I may report that the higher the quality of a play and dramatist, the lower will usually be the social tone of the audience. In other words, the better the play from a critical point of view the less pictorial the first-night gathering. This is one of the outstanding peculiarities of the New York theater, though I have never seen the fact stated in print. A Eugene O'Neill opening thus, four times out of five, will be lucky (if that's the word) to spot more than a half dozen people in evening clothes in the entire house. And so will the first night of a play by almost any writer given to poetic expression or any generally regarded as having a serious philosophy of life. The fluffier playwrights, on the other hand, particularly if they be English and know their way around El Morocco, the Monte Carlo, and other such rendezvous of café society, usually draw a plenitude of camera bait.

Because of the strained tardiness, inattention, and distracting volubility of such overdressed and exhibitionist audiences, producers, composers, and writers every once in a while employ wily means to keep their first nights free from them. Cole Porter, for example, being a personal, if critical, friend of many of their constituent elements, this season in the case of his Panama Hattie so arranged matters that the species of audience in question saw his show at a charity preview the night before the opening, thus safeguarding his exhibit's first night. The late Charles Frohman in point of fact felt so strongly about the idiosyncratic first-night crowd that he once whimsically observed that all plays should open on their second nights.

There are certain producers who draw fashionable audiences irrespective of what plays they put on, and certain others who do not. Thus, Gilbert Miller customarily gets a dressed house, whereas the Shuberts do not. The first night of a Guthrie McClintic, Delos Chappell, Alfred D. Liagre, Sam Harris, Vinton Freedley, Dwight Wiman, or John C. Wilson is generally very much flossier than the first night of an Alex Yokel, George Abbott, John Golden, Herman Shumlin, George M. Cohan, William A. Brady, or Laurence Schwab. Few persons, aside from some of the older dyed-in-the-wool subscribers, ever doll up for a Theatre Guild opening, and no one does for a Group Theatre opening. But in the case of almost any musical show costing over fifty thousand dollars to produce, and whatever the management, you will usually find a large percentage of the audience in their fanciest bib and tucker. It's the party spirit induced by musical shows that apparently does the trick. And, conversely, it's the absence of party spirit in the instance of the more serious dramatists that doesn't.

The big movie openings differ from the theater openings in that everybody always arbitrarily dresses

up, even if he has to hire a dinner suit for the occasion and borrow a white shirt from the management. Certain movie managements, incidentally, are said to lay in white shirts by the gross for just this purpose, since such managements are firmly convinced that a dressed-up audience is vitally essential to the proper metropolitan launching of a picture.

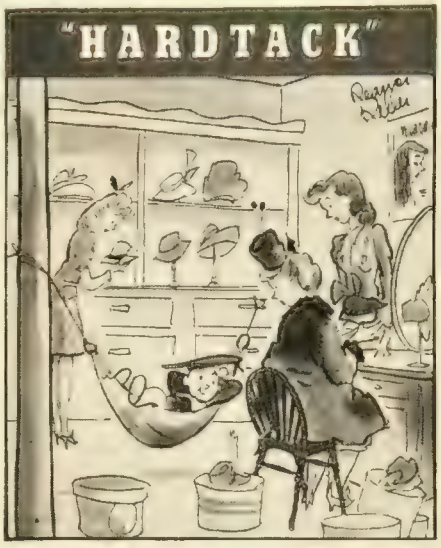
It is a further New York peculiarity that those numerous attendants of a movie opening who do not dress for a theatrical opening invariably show up at a film première looking like Arabian clotheshorses. This is doubtless because, in the case of the theater, an audience most often goes to see, and in the case of the picture opening to be seen. I appreciate that this is no vernal remark, but I risk it because it is so often asserted that it is the first-night theater audience that also goes to be seen, and because it is in the majority of cases not true. But in the instance of the film openings, it is always true, and no one in turn appreciates it better than the film people themselves, who encourage it with spotlights illuminating the arriving motorcars and taxicabs and the lobbies, and who keep discharging a battery of cameras both within and without the theaters.

A CROSS section of the average metropolitan theatrical first-night audience may be visualized from a list of the following regulars:

The leading dramatic critics, about a dozen in number, the married ones generally accompanied by their wives. The moving-picture-company scouts, about six in number, ditto. Two or three illustrators for the Sunday newspaper theatrical supplements. The theatrical writers for the leading national newspaper syndicates, about four in number. Mr. and Mrs. Ira Katzenberg, who haven't missed a first night in years and who have seats always reserved in the first row. Herbert Bayard Swope, editor of the old World and present chairman of the New York State Racing Commission. Brock Pemberton, the theatrical producer. Jack Kriendler of Jack and Charlie's "21." Arnold Reuben of Reuben's dollar-sandwich delicatessen restaurant. And such social figures as the William Rhinelander Stewarts (Mrs. Stewart, incidentally, being the audience's most beautiful adornment), the William Randolph Hearsts, Jr., Mrs. Marian Tiffany Saportas, Clara Bell Walsh, Elsa Maxwell (when in town), Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Condé Nast, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Weston, Cobina Wright, Mrs. Harrison Tweed, and John Hay Whitney.

To continue: The society column writers, Maury Paul (Cholly Knickerbocker) and Dixie Tighe. The newspaper columnists, Ward Morehouse, Leonard Lyons, and Danton Walker. The composers, Irving Berlin (and wife) and Richard Rodgers (and wife). The radio theater critics, Bide Dudley and Lucius Beebe. When in town and with a free evening, Jo Davidson, the sculptor, Al Smith, and J. Edgar Hoover. When not themselves acting, Tallulah Bankhead, Miriam Hopkins, Ruth Gordon, Raymond Massey, Grace George, Helen Menken, and Erin O'Brien-Moore. Also James Montgomery Flagg, Damon Runyon, Richard Berlin, the magazine executive, Louis Schurr and Sam Lyons, the actors' agents.

Further, Howard S. Cullman, the tycoon who backs plays, Billy Rose, Eleanor Holm, Jules Bache, Valentina, the fashionable dressmaker, Harry Kaufman, the Shuberts' producing associate, Dwight Wiman, the producer, Max Lief, the theatrical dentist, and Dr. Leo Michel, the theatrical medico. Too, Auriol Lee, the stage director, Jo Mielziner, the



"I brought along a hammock, mom—I've been shoppin' with you before!"

scene designer (and wife), and Donald Oenslager, ditto (and wife). Also, whenever in New York, Joan Crawford, Fredric March, Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, Joan Bennett, Walter Wanger, Norma Talmadge, Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joseph Schenck, and Nicholas Schenck.

When not playing, Clifton Webb, invariably accompanied by his mother. Also, Franklin P. Adams, Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, J. Robert Rubin, the M-G-M counsel, Bennett Cerf, the publisher, Mrs. George S. Kaufman, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Streger (he is the actors' agent), and Margaret Case Harriman (who does profiles for the New Yorker). And at every opening, without fail, Jules Brulatour, the Eastman film mogul, and his wife, Hope Hampton.

In conclusion, Robert E. Sherwood (and wife), Mrs. James Farley, Jules Glaenzer, the jeweler, Tommy Manville (with blonde), Féfé Ferry, the night-club impresario, Huntington Hartford, young heir to the A. & P. fortune and PM reporter, Horace Schmidlapp, wealthy playboy and play backer, Mrs. Margaret Pemberton, wife of the producer, Antoinette Perry, play director, and William Seeman, wealthy wholesale grocer, accompanied by his wife, Phyllis Haver, the former picture star.

There, I think, you have a rough picture of the chief ingredients of the general first-night audience.

There are, to the initiated, several ways to tell from the conduct of a first-night audience whether or not the play is a success. It used to be the custom of Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner on the opening nights of their plays periodically to mosey up and down the aisles and observe the seating posture of the customers. If they found the latter leaning comfortably back against their chairs beyond the first act, they said they knew they had a failure. If, on the other hand, they could detect an inch or two between the backs of the seats and the persons sitting in them, they knew they had a success. It was their philosophy that if an audience strained forward, however little, to hear a play, you could tell it liked it; whereas if it had no use for it, it would slump in its chairs. That may be one way, but there are others.

IF all the seats are still occupied at the curtain-fall of an opening night it may not necessarily indicate a success; but you may usually spot a failure if even so few as a dozen seats are found to be empty after the second act. And if so few as half a dozen persons leave after the first act, the odds are three to one that the storehouse will soon get the play. In all the three decades that I have been going to the theater in my professional capacity as a critic, I have known only one case where this was not true. That case was Tobacco Road. Fully two dozen people left the theater after the first act on the opening night, offended by the play's realism; yet Tobacco Road turned out to be the record hit of the modern theater.

If the near-by barrooms are crowded between the acts of a play, it pretty often means not that the play is dull and a failure, as the uninitiated might imagine, but that it in all likelihood has won the audience and shows promise of being a success. If a play is stupid, the audience generally waits until it is over before having a drink, or at least until it decides to make its permanent departure from the scene. But if the play is stimulating, the audience paradoxically further stimulates its pleasure and interest with a rush for a little extra dividend of stimulation out of the bottle.

Applause may be meaningless, as I have already noted, but there is one generally infallible way to tell whether or not a play is to an opening-night audience's taste. If that audience hurries to get out of the theater, the play is a flop. If it leaves slowly and leisurely and just a little reluctantly, the play is good for a run. That is, in both cases, unless it is a rainy or stormy night.

THE END

Hollywood takes it on the Lam

By tank, train, auto, the films revive the ancient institution of the chase

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

"Cross your fingers, honey, and hang on," Clark tells Hedy in the gay Comrade X.

4 STARS EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS EXCELLENT 2 STARS GOOD
1 STAR POOR 0 STAR VERY POOR

★★★½ COMRADE X

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, Hedy Lamarr, Oscar Homolka, Felix Bressart, Eve Arden, Sig Rumann, Natasha Lytess, Vladimir Sokoloff, Edgar Barrier, George Renevant, Mikhail Rasumny. Screen play by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer based on a story by Walter Reisch. Directed by King Vidor. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 90 minutes.

HERE'S a lively, raucous farce about Russia, with Clark Gable as a rowdy American newspaperman and Hedy Lamarr as a Soviet motorman! Things happen right from the start—and keep happening. The Kremlin is boiling over stories published in United States papers about Russian famines, assassinations, and threatened revolts, sent out in some mysterious fashion by an unknown correspondent who signs himself Comrade X. So the Ogpu sets its machinery to find the culprit.

Need I say that the lazy tippler, played by Gable, turns out to be the daring Comrade X? He has to use all his wits to get himself out of a dungeon. Not only does he have to save himself but also the decorative motorman. The whole thing runs into one of those chases—but it's a bigger and better chase. Clark and Hedy steal a general's huge armored tank, all the division tanks follow, first dutifully, then with guns barking.

The film is fast and funny. It is notable from at least one angle: It is the first time that Hollywood has gone ahead with utter disregard for what some foreign government will think. Another point of public interest: Hedy in a Soviet nightgown!

VITAL STATISTICS: Nobody mentions it, but this is a remake—or, rather, a complete rewrite—of the Spewacks' comedy, Clear All Wires. . . . That tank chase wasn't so simple. One big tank and scores of smaller ones had to be constructed. Studio technicians designed the big one after photos in official Soviet army books. It was thirty feet long, twelve feet high, bristled with guns. Mostly of wood, but it was photographically practical. Gable and Lamarr spent eight rough days in it, galloping over a course on the studio's back ninety acres. Also partially submerged in water. . . . Lamarr speaks four languages, but she had to learn some Russian. Can chat in Viennese, Italian, French, and of course English.

★★★ GO WEST

THE PLAYERS: Groucho Marx, Chico Marx, Harpo Marx, John Carroll, Diana Lewis, Walter Woolf King, Robert Barrat, June MacCloy, George Lessey, Tully Marshall, Arthur Housman, Mitchell Lewis, Alden Chase, Monica Bannister. Screen play by Irving Brecher. Directed by Edward Buzzell. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 81 minutes.

OUT where men are men! That's the background of this frontier frenzy with the three Marx lads. The time is 1870 and crooks are trying to steal the land rights to Dead Man's Gulch from old Dan Wilson, the prospector-father of the heroine. You see, it's this way: The big Eastern railroad is going to build its right of way through the gulch and the rights are mighty valuable. There's a mad chase, in which the comics have to burn most of a train in their locomotive in order to beat the villains to Dodgeville with the land deed.

Hollywood is going strong for chases these days. Go West has dull spots, but the Marx brand of zany comedy is pretty consistent. For instance, there's the moment when Chico wants to telephone for help and Groucho reminds him it's 1870 and Don Ameche hasn't invented the telephone yet.

VITAL STATISTICS: Chico, who "shoots the keys" at the piano, is the oldest of the three Marx Brothers. Harpo, the silent one, is next, and Groucho is the youngest. . . . The Marx Brothers believe the only way to find out what is funny is to let the public decide—first. They spent seven months constructing the story. Then, with their writers, they took the affair out for a tryout in front of actual audiences. With scenery, costumes, and a company of forty, they did four weeks on the road, playing the piece 103 times. All the time they kept experimenting for laughs. This is the result. . . . Harpo is always chasing pretty gals through comedy scenes. He's named the ten he'd most like to chase: Lana Turner, Dotty Lamour, Ann Sheridan, Hedy Lamarr, Marlene

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Dietrich, Greta Garbo, Vivien Leigh, Mae West, Sonja Henie—and ZaSu Pitts.

★★½ THE BANK DICK

THE PLAYERS: W. C. Fields, Cora Witherspoon, Una Merkel, Evelyn Del Rio, Jessie Ralph, Franklin Pangborn, Shemp Howard, Richard Purcell, Grady Sutton, Russell Hicks, Pierre Watkin, Al Hill, George Moran, Bill Wolfe, Jack Norton, Pat West, Reed Hadley, Heather Wilde, Harlan Briggs, Bill Alston. Screen play by Mahatma Kane Jeeves. Directed by Eddie Cline. Produced by Universal. Running time 72 minutes.

W. C. FIELDS might easily be the screen's foremost comedian—if he wanted to take direction. But, if our secret agents are right, he insists on writing his own comedies, he ad libs as he goes, he blandly does things in his own casual way, disrupting cast and story. The author of this is listed as Mahatma Kane Jeeves, a Fields nom de plume.

Here Fields is one Egbert Souse (pronounced Sou-say) who, in a spare moment away from the bar of the Black Pussy Cat Café, distinguishes himself as a hero (entirely by accident) in capturing a bank bandit. The bank rewards him with the job of special officer, and in no time he's in the midst of weird difficulties, culminating—you've guessed it—in a wild auto chase. All this is frequently funny in an old-time Keystone way. I don't mean that as condemnation. Keystones are still pleasant memories. But Fields never has realized his possibilities in films.

VITAL STATISTICS: W. C. Fields, whose real moniker is Claude William Dunkinfield, made his first film comedy for Gaumont twenty-five years ago. In it he did his famous juggling-act routine built around a pool table. Then in 1925 he appeared in D. W. Griffith's Sally of the Sawdust, with Carol Dempster. It was Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., who stole Fields from vaudeville, made him a star Follies comic, with juggling as a minor incident to his work.

★★½ TRAIL OF THE VIGILANTES

THE PLAYERS: Franchot Tone, Warren William, Broderick Crawford, Andy Devine, Mischa Auer, Porter Hall, Peggy Moran, Samuel S. Hinds, Charles Trowbridge, Paul Fix, Harry Cording, Max Wagner. Screen play by Harold Shumate. Directed by Allan Dwan. Produced by Universal. Running time, 75 minutes.

LOOKS like a Western to end all Westerns, since the veteran director Allan Dwan did it with tongue in cheek. The tenderfoot cowboy hero has been sent West by his Eastern newspaper to run down the murderer of a reporter. There are cattle rustlers, a cowardly sheriff, shady doings in a cattlemen's protective association, a rancher's giddy daughter, even a Russian cowboy.

Franchot Tone does his first ridin' role as the cow-hand-investigator from the East, and the cast is well above the average celluloid horse opera.

VITAL STATISTICS: Peggy Moran was born in Clinton, Iowa, dad a calendar artist, Earl Moran, who brought his family to Los Angeles when Peggy was five. She started on the radio, took a film test. . . . Warren William hails from Aitkin, Minnesota, where his father was the local newspaper editor. He was in France with the A. E. F., after the Armistice toured the army camps with an all-soldier cast of players. Returning to New York, he landed a small role in a road company. In pictures since 1931.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 40

1—Stephen Collins Foster, author of Old Black Joe and many other famous songs.
2—A Visit from St. Nicholas.
3—The Bill of Rights is the name applied to the first ten amendments to the Constitution.
4—The dog was the first, according to scientists.
5—The income tax, the census, the draft registration, and the registration for the national election.
6—They were named after John Harvard and Elihu Yale, who were early benefactors, but not founders, of the two institutions.
7—Wedding rings. Manufacturers report a 200-per-cent increase in orders.
8—They are a part of the coat of arms of the Medicis, an ancient Italian family which made plenty of money by lending.
9—The cuckoo deposits its egg in the nest of some other bird, pushes all other eggs in the nest out, then lets the owners of the nest bring up the young cuckoo after it hatches.
10—Last November the planet Mercury crossed the sun thirty seconds ahead of time, according to astronomers' calculations, and they are busy trying to find out why.
11—In Dublin, according to legend, a sportsman once bet he could the next day have Dublin residents using a meaningless word. That night he sent out boys to paint a word on the walls and fences of the town. The next morning every one was asking what it meant. The word was "quiz."
12—The Bible. The Pentateuch is the name given to the first five books of the Bible, the books supposed to have been written by Moses.
13—With standard measuring spoons the number is three.
14—Because the red glow of the volcano Vesuvius serves as a constant beacon to enemy flyers.
15—Yes. It doesn't matter what day it's signed on.
16—Sixteen days. On the fifteenth day he would have gone fifteen feet. Since he goes up five feet each day before he slips down, he would reach the top on the sixteenth day.
17—They are found on one-dollar bills.
18—The Washington Monument, begun in 1848 and completed in 188
19—A little more t... one fourth—almost half a billion.
20—Lucy Stone, great battler for women's rights and founder of the Lucy Stoners—married women who prefer to use their maiden names.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent.

★★★½—Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm.

★★★—Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers.

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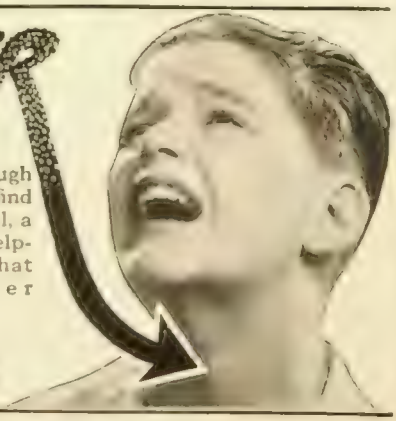

The Crown Jewels of America

A four-star broadcast by W. J. Cameron

A message Liberty thought worthy of the permanency of print

First Heard on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour over CBS

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

RUMORS were heard during the past year that the crown jewels of one or another country were being removed to other lands for safety. Now, no royal crown or scepter or orb, no throne or sword of state exists in this country—nonetheless we have crown jewels of more than regal splendor and of priceless worth. What are they?

Some might answer that those precious writings, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States are our high insignia of state. But in these matters our nation was somewhat like ourselves—in *youth* we seldom are interested in our genealogy or our family heirlooms; *that* appreciation comes with maturity. So the Declaration of Independence and other precious documents lay neglected by this young nation for 100 years, exposed to fire and weather hazards, until the Centennial of 1876, when Americans began to reflect on the formative period of their history. Many other things were more highly treasured than these documents at first—things that preceded them and things that flowered from them.

There's the shrine of Plymouth Rock where the weary Pilgrims landed; there's a country church at Richmond where epic words were spoken that burn with meaning yet; there's the Old North steeple, Boston, where the signal lanterns hung; there's a river bridge at Concord where once the embattled farmers stood; there are pleasant dells at Valley Forge where the winter snow lay heavy; there's a room in Philadelphia where grave men wisely wrought; there's a farm on the Potomac where our Cincinnatus lived; there's a cherished spot at Yorktown where a storied struggle ended; there's a Hermitage in Tennessee whence a lionheart emerged; there's the Alamo in Texas, mute memorial of sacrificial gallantry; there's a cabin in Kentucky where an emancipator first beheld the light. These are some of the crown jewels of America.

Yet these are not all. Among the Rockies there are cloud-capped peaks named for men that made them signposts for the westward-faring people. There are handcarts at Salt Lake City, dragged a thousand miles over prairie and mountain by men and women seeking freedom. There are missions and harbors and cities all up and down the Pacific coast sacred to the pioneers. And then the landmarks of American enterprise—from the early iron forges and milling machinery of Pennsylvania and the cotton gin of Georgia, to the electrical wizardry of Edison that lighted the world from New Jersey, and the giant irrigation dams that, as works of man, excel the pyramids. At the San Francisco Fair a gold spike was exhibited, of greater worth than gold, because it symbolized the pony track widening to the wagon track and that hardening into the railroad track of the nation's westward progress. These also are among the crown jewels of America.

And yet there are more. Little schools that grew into famous universities; pioneer medical practices that made a noble science and profession; the whole American system of free and universal education; the expanding American economy, giving greater value for a lower price and higher wages for less burdensome labor than any other in the world; freedom to speak and to print, freedom to assemble and think and worship, freedom to say "no" as well as "yes" and vote as conscience dictates; a nation devoted to the social art of living together in peace, a nation owning its homes, a nation unafraid—these also are among our crown jewels of America.

We may think of these and we may think of this rich land of our heritage that can abundantly provide for all. We may think of our flag—look at that flag! Women and children never have fled in terror before that flag! We may think of our temple of covenanted liberties—the Constitution—for a century and a half an impregnable dike against encroachments of power.

Who can name or number the crown jewels of our nation? If you would see them all, then you must see every city and village, every street, every shop and farm and home. The crown jewels of America are everywhere.

THE END

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

fu Manchu AND THE PANAMA CANAL

Breathlessly, in a nightmare realm, a flaming adventure speeds toward its astonishing climax

WITH a stolen map of a potential secret submarine base in his possession, Fu Manchu vanishes from London and heads for Panama and the Caribbean to stalemate the American navy in the second World War. Made victim of one of his drugs, Ardatha, a beautiful girl, is forced to go to America with him.

On his heels follow Nayland Smith, the great sleuth; Sir Lionel Barton, the Orientalist (from whom the map was stolen), and Bart Kerrigan, star reporter, in love with the enslaved Ardatha. Again and again the wily and uncannily gifted Chinaman turns his battery of seemingly supernatural agencies against them. Narrowly they escape and follow him all the way to Haiti, where, it is thought, he has members of the Si Fan at his call, as well as control of the powerful voodoo cult.

Arranging with Sir Lionel to rescue them by airplane if they are detained too long, Smith and Kerrigan join the black pilgrimage of voodoo worshipers on their way to the shrine on the Magic Mountain. There they discover that Koreâni, the high priestess of the cult, is none other than Fu Manchu's daughter!

Their discovery leads to Kerrigan's capture (Smith eludes the guards), and he is transported to a horrifying zombi center where these living dead men conduct a great sisal business and are connected with a secret submarine base in the heart of an extinct volcano, now submerged and unknown, except for strange and hidden entrances.

Despairing, Kerrigan sees that he is trapped, and realizes that Fu Manchu wants to use him for certain dastardly purposes. Indeed, the master mind of this hideous outfit sends for him. Fu Manchu receives him with poisonous politeness and sends a servant on an errand. Then, unbelievably, Ardatha appears.

PART ELEVEN—A LABORATORY OF HORROR

THE part played by Ardatha in my organization," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "is an important one. She is the successor to some of the most beautiful women who have decorated the world. I employ beauty, Mr. Kerrigan, as a swordsman employs a rapier. Now—she has gone the way of her predecessors. I accept the fact because you have twice succeeded in transmuting the base metal of feminine caprice into the gold of love."

Ardatha stood motionless, watching me. In the subdued light of Fu Manchu's study she looked like a lovely phantom; her eyes seemed to hold some message which I could not read.

"I said"—he spoke softly—"that I would restore her. There is, as you know, a blind spot in her memory, which I shall presently correct."

He took up a sycamore box from the desk and opened it.

His long nails scratched unpleasantly on the surface. He took out a small telescopic rod attached to a metal base, and set it on the desk before him. From a projecting arm at the top of the rod an object which resembled a large black diamond hung suspended upon what seemed to be two strands of silk.

"A form of lignite—known to commerce as jet; a remarkably fine specimen from an ancient British barrow of the Bronze Age."

Fu Manchu turned the fragment of mineral between his long fingers until the suspending strands were knotted. His gaze became fixed upon me.

"You have my word," he said softly, "that I design no harm to Ardatha. I merely propose to correct that blind spot in her memory to which I have referred."

He turned to Ardatha, who stood less than two paces from the ebony chair in which he was seated.

"Come forward." She obeyed, moving like an automaton. "Bend down and watch closely."

He released the piece of cut jet and it began to spin. "Tell me what you see. . . . Speak."

And as I watched Ardatha bending over the spinning lignite, the light of the globular lamp striking sparks from her hair, she described every one of our meetings, in London, in Venice, in Paris.

The jet became stationary, but she went on without pause, her voice that of one speaking in a trance. At last:

"Name this man," Dr. Fu Manchu said softly.

"It is Bart—Bart Kerrigan!"

"Do you love him?"

An instant's pause, and then:

"Yes," she whispered.

But she remained there, bending forward, even when Fu Manchu raised his eyes—brilliant green in

By
SAX ROHMER

A glory came into her eyes which was heaven. "Bart!" she sobbed. "Oh, my darling—where have you been?"

concentration—and addressed me:

"A device which we owe to the Arabs. It stimulates the subconscious mind." He clapped his hands sharply. "Return, Ardatha. Is this the man you desire?"

Ardatha stood upright, sighed, and looked about her as one suddenly awakened; then, as her gaze rested on me, she grew so suddenly pale that I thought she was about to collapse. But as I watched her hungrily a wave of crimson swept to her pale cheeks and a glory came into her eyes which was heaven.

"Bart!" she sobbed. "Oh, my darling—where have you been?"

Momentarily that sinister figure in the ebony chair seemed to have ceased to exist for her. She ran to me and threw herself into my arms. . . .

YOU observe," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "that residence here is not without its attractions."

Ardatha he had sent away in charge of Hassan, whom he had summoned. As I last glimpsed her, those beautiful eyes were radiant. His sibilant tones brought me down to realities. Love can raise some natures to great heights. I faced him more fearlessly than I had supposed possible.

An emotional wave swept me. Ardatha was *not* doomed to the living death! Then came the aftermath—a vision of those long months of slavery, horror, fear which she had endured.

"Your methods are those of hell!" I blazed. "Yes—I have met members of your 'staff'—men who once were good men, honest men. Now they are zombis, automata, their sense of proportion destroyed—"

"A simple operation, Mr. Kerrigan. The drug used—a discovery of my own—is known as 973. But come—I have plans for you."

He pressed a bell, a door opened, and one of those short thickset Burmans of whom I had had experience in the past entered. He wore a sort of blue uniform: his yellow face was expressionless.

"Follow," Fu Manchu commanded in English.

The Burman saluted and stood aside. Dr. Fu Manchu, with an imperious gesture of the hand to me, walked along that passage where earlier I had set out with Allington. Fu Manchu led, however, in a different direction, walking quite silently in thick-soled slippers.

Opening a door set in the white wall of a large building which possessed no windows:

"Here you change your shoes," he said.

I saw a row of what looked like galoshes ranged along a shelf, but on inspection they proved to have unusually thick soles. I unlaced and discarded my shoes, and as the Burman knelt to assist me, I was transported in spirit to an Eastern mosque. . . .

A metal door being opened, I found myself in a vast laboratory. The floor was covered with some substance which might have been rubber; the walls and ceiling were apparently opaque glass. Numerous pieces of mechanism, some in motion, were set about the place; and suspended from the center of the ceiling was a copper globe some twelve feet in diameter. On one wall was a huge switchboard.

"My private laboratory, Mr. Kerrigan. As your knowledge of science is slight, I will not burden you with details concerning the Ferris globe—which, nevertheless, has revolutionized all earlier systems of lighting. Sir John Ferris is with us. This is a Stendl radio transmitter—no larger than a typewriter. A receiver, as you are aware, could be contained in this snuffbox and operated without electrical power."

He tapped the jade snuffbox which he carried. "Follow."

I obeyed—and the Burmese bodyguard was a pace behind me.

"This — is the Vortland infra-azure lamp."

And standing on a long narrow glass-topped table I saw just such a lamp as that which I had seen in the Thames-side workshop!

"If," he continued, "during any of my visits to the Regal Athenian in New York a trained observer had been present, he could not well have failed to notice a small lucent object, no larger than a grain of mustard seed, moving at a uniform height above the floor."

As he spoke he was enveloping his gaunt body in just such a green garment as that which he had worn in the room beside the Thames. Gloves and a mask were added. He presented a terrifying appearance.

Muffled, his strident tones came through the mask:

"I will now ignite the infra-azure lamp."

He bent and touched a switch. Again that strange amethyst light appeared.

"You will observe that above the lamp there is a smaller lamp, and above that a third, smaller still. I shall now ignite the smaller lamp."

He did so . . . and the larger one disappeared!

"Finally, the third—"

The entire apparatus vanished!

"Look closely," the imperious voice directed. "The top of the third lamp remains faintly visible. You see it?"

"Yes—I see it."

"The reflector is adjusted in a particular manner. The lamp can be attached to the headdress—in this way."

Raising the lamp, he fitted it to the top of the mask . . . and disappeared!

My heart leaped madly. This man was not a scientist; he was a wizard.

"I have not become transparent," his voice said out of space; "the effect is on the vision of the beholder. Movement is constrained, of course. I was clumsy when I came to recover Peko in Colón. Observe."

A green-gloved hand appeared—and disappeared.

This it was that Barton had seen in Colón—that I had seen on Morne la Selle!

NOW I found myself in half-light surrounded by glass cases the fronts of which were flush with the wall. These cases had interior illumination, as in an aquarium.

"A good collection," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "was destroyed in France some years ago; but in certain respects this is better."

He paused before one of the glass windows. The case had a thick floor of moist sand and over it ran some kind of spiny weed. Silent, he stood there looking in. The Burman remained a pace away. I looked also—and presently I saw one of the inhabitants. It was a monstrous centipede, a thing incredibly swift in its movements, and its color was brilliant red.

He moved on. I followed. He scratched with his long nails upon the front of a case littered with birds' feathers and fragments of limbs and claws.

From a sort of clay nest there sprang out the most gigantic black spider I had ever seen; indeed, I had not supposed such a spider to exist. Its hairy legs were as thick as a man's finger; its body was as large as an orange.

I could see the *eyes* of this horror—watching me.

Fu Manchu turned from the glass cases and walked to a low wall which surrounded a pit in the center of the place. In obedience to a guttural command, the Burman switched on a group of suspended lights. I became aware of a miasmatic smell, and I looked down into a miniature swamp. The interior walls were smoothly polished. I saw unfamiliar aquatic plants and a surface of green slime.

"Particularly note the fernlike grass growing on the margins. Some of this was introduced among the roses which decorated Colonel Kennard Wood's apartment at the Prado in New York. *Hoemadipsa zeylanica* has an affinity for this grass, from which it is not readily distinguishable. Before feeding, this creature resembles a fragment of string or a bristle from a brush. These examples actually come from a swampy area south of Port-au-Prince and are much larger, more active and voracious than any I have examined."

He gave an abrupt order. From a sort of cupboard the Burman took out the body of a newly slain kid and attached it to the hook of a tackle fitted over the pit. He lowered the kid to a point some six feet above the scum and marginal plants, when it began to spin slowly.

"*Hoemadipsa* works in the dark," muttered Dr. Fu Manchu. All the lights went out. "Listen!"

Scarcely had he hissed the word when I heard again that evil thing—the Snapping Fingers!

"Now watch, and you will see them."

Lights sprang up, and I saw a strange, a revolting sight. One has seen caterpillars arch their bodies in moving forward; now I saw a number of pale slender things, some two inches in length, arching their threadlike bodies all over the suspended carcass. But in this case the movement served a different purpose. One by one they sprang back to the long feathery grass, each spring creating a sound almost exactly like that of snapping fingers!

I LOOKED along a stone passage, or tunnel, which was patchily illuminated: I mean that the effect was of a badly lighted arcade.

"You may wonder — indeed you *are* wondering—why I take you so closely into my confidence," said Dr. Fu Manchu. "This will be made clear later. No doubt you have appreciated the fact that my daughter, known as Koreâni, a second time, under certain influence, has presumed to challenge me. Her part, as the Queen Mamaloi, she has successfully played for nearly two years and has enslaved the voodoo elements of the republic. She gained access to the higher secrets of the creed and therefore control of its devotees. Follow."

But I had followed no more than three paces, when I paused.

The luminous patches which I have mentioned were due to the presence of a series of crystal coffins (I cannot otherwise describe them) each having a shaded light direct upon it. In these, bolt upright, their glassy eyes staring dreadfully before them, I saw men and women—some of whom I remembered to have seen "smelt out" by the sword-bearer at the voodoo temple!

"They are all—dead."

"On the contrary, Mr. Kerrigan, they are all alive. They can see—they can hear."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"They cannot move an eyelid. Some were prime movers in a conspiracy against me. At the meeting at Morne la Selle I gathered to me all the pitiful conspirators. Here is the chief criminal."

And, in the last of the glass coffins, or the last one illuminated, I saw Koreâni!

She stood exactly as I remember her standing before the door of the voodoo temple, her arms beside her, her hands clenched; those brilliant eyes, which were so strangely like the eyes of Fu Manchu, staring straight before her: an ivory goddess.

In obedience to a short command, the Burman pressed a button in the wall at the end of the vaultlike corridor. A door opened and I saw an elevator.

"Follow!"

I followed Dr. Fu Manchu; the Burman entered last, closed the gates, and the elevator began to de-

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scend. This proximity to Fu Manchu was almost unendurable. He spoke again softly, unemotionally:

"The entrance discovered and used by Christophe, the black king, is unknown. According to an ancient chart in the possession of your inquisitive friend, Sir Lionel Barton, it was masked by the erection of a chapel on a hillside some miles away. My inquiries there did not enable me to find it, but, as a precautionary measure, I destroyed the chapel." The lift continued to drop. "My own entrance—a volcanic fissure in the ravine below the prow of the Citadel—was discovered by accident. This fissure I have effectually blocked, and the shaft by which we are now descending strikes it at a point a hundred and fifty feet east of the original entrance. From thence a sort of path exists down the wall of the cavern itself. It is a tedious journey. I avoided it when I had this lift installed by Mr. Hopkinson, one of Vickers' senior engineers, who is with us. It is the second deepest in the world."

When, after an awe-inspiring descent, the elevator stopped, the door opened, and I stepped out, a new amazement claimed me.

I was in a stone-faced corridor brightly lighted; many doors were visible right and left.

"We are now," came the cold voice of Dr. Fu Manchu, "only thirty feet above sea level, and you are one of that privileged few who have ever entered the interior of a volcano."

IN the company of Mr. Hopkinson, late of Vickers, a prosaic Manchester man whose presence enhanced the fantastic character of my surroundings, I set out. We walked down a flight of steps, he opened a door, and I found myself to be in broad daylight!

I stood on a long wide quay where colored gangs were at work unpacking crates and loading the contents, which I thought were machine parts, on to trucks. The still water was of a strange black color and ten or twelve small vessels were dotted about its surface. I supposed myself to be in a small landlocked harbor, for from where I stood I could see right to the other side, formed by a sheer wall of towering black rock.

The fact dawned upon me that whether I looked to right or left it was the same, and that when I looked upward I could see no sky, only a sort of mist out of which glowed the light of a brazen sun, or so one might at first have assumed.

I turned in bewilderment to my guide. He was lighting a cigar and smiling with quiet amusement.

"In heaven's name where am I, and where does the light come from?"

"You are in the interior of a volcano, Mr. Kerrigan. The light comes from a Ferris globe. The doctor may have shown you the one in the laboratory."

"Yes, he did. But this is not artificial light—this is sunlight."

Hopkinson nodded, staring at the glowing end of his cigar thoughtfully for a moment.

"I suppose, in a way, it is," he conceded. "Speaking unscientifically, the Ferris globe absorbs energy from the sun and redistributes it as required; and now"—he grasped my arm and turned me about, pointing—"do you see a red buoy floating out there, roughly halfway across?"

OUT on the surface of this vast subterranean lake I looked, and presently picked up the object to which he referred.

"That marks the deepest spot. We haven't been able to plumb it yet."

"What!"

"It's true, Mr. Kerrigan. That's put there for navigational purposes. The sea off this coast is very deep, you know. So what occurred in some past age was this: the sea broke in—we use the opening it made as our water gate—and, quite simply, put out the volcano."

"But such a thing—"

"Would make a lot of steam? I agree that it would. It was the steam that made this huge cavern, and that buoy marks the very center of what used to be the crater."

I said nothing; I could think of nothing to say.

"The potentialities of such a base as this it would be difficult to exaggerate. The use that has been made of it under the driving genius of the Doctor surprises even those who work on the spot."

I looked about at the colored gangs working; and:

"Surely, where so many men are employed, secrecy is impossible?"

"Not at all, Mr. Kerrigan—just a question of organization. Only the heads of departments come up and down," he added. "Those who load our hoist at the top have no idea where it goes to. Oh, organization can accomplish miracles, Mr. Kerrigan."

"I agree with you," I replied, and spoke with sincerity.

"The working staff of the sisal corporation have nothing to do with the Si Fan, you see; they are just ordinary laborers who have no idea that there is a belowground. If one becomes inquisitive—well, we bring him down here and let him see for himself! And now, my instructions are to introduce you to Dr. Heron."

"Is he—"

"What Allington calls a conscript?" laughed Hopkinson. "Yes, as a matter of fact, he is. He used to be chief technician to the German navy. His success attracted the Doctor's attention. I can assure you that in the twelve years that he has been employed here and elsewhere, he has evolved something which nullifies the power of every navy in the world."

We walked along the busy dock bathed in synthetic sunshine. We entered a small neat office, where an elderly German, whose high bald forehead was almost as striking as

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that of Fu Manchu's, stood up to greet us. Dr. Heron wore blue overalls.

"Companion Heron, this is Mr. Bart Kerrigan."

"I am pleased here to see you, Mr. Kerrigan. Always I am pleased when an opportunity comes my playthings to show off. So rare are opportunities, and always the artist for recognition craves, eh? Is it not so?"

"I'm coming too," said Hopkinson; "it's a long time since I was on board a Shark."

"Always I am pleased to show you, Companion Hopkinson," the German replied, "although I know the subject to be beyond your understanding quite."

He winked at me with heavy Teutonic humor, then led the way down a stair at the back of his office. I found myself on an iron platform which projected to the open conning tower of one of those odd craft which I had sighted on the surface of the lake. From the moment that I climbed down the ladder to the interior I plunged into the heart of a dream, for what I saw and what I heard did not seem sanely to add up. I had expected heavy petrol fumes, but of these there was no trace.

"But of course not!" said Dr. Heron. "Why, if you please? Because we used no petrol."

"Then what is the motive power?"

"Ah!" He sighed and shook his head. "A lot I may brag, Mr. Kerrigan, a national characteristic this may be, but always we come back to the genius of Sven Ericksen. Power is generated in the Ericksen room, which takes the place of the engine room in any other submersible craft. I will show you and shall also explain, for at least the credit to me is for this adaptation to underwater vessels."

We went along a tiny alleyway—there was no more than room for Hopkinson to pass—and into a room which certainly could not have accommodated more than two men. There were fixed revolving chairs or stools before a glittering switchboard, upon which were levers, dials, lamps, and indicators.

"A protective headdress is worn," Dr. Heron explained, "by the Ericksen operators; otherwise exposure to the waves created would shorten life speedily. Now, here is the main control. If I am ordered by the officer in the turret to proceed, this lever I depress. It creates before the bows of my ship a new chemical condition."

"Call it steam," suggested Hopkinson.

"Very well. Instantaneously it reduces a large number of cubic feet of water to vapor."

"I should expect a tremendous explosion," I said.

"You get one—you get one!" said Dr. Heron. "But what do I do with this tremendous explosion? I use it as the tremendous explosion is used in the Diesel engine. Through the Heron tube," he turned to Hopkinson—"these, at least, my own invention are—I transfer that power from the bows to the stern. Here it becomes motive, and because as it is created I withdraw it, what happens?"

I shook my head blankly.

"I have before me a continuously renewing partial vacuum. I have behind me a driving power that even without the vacuum would give me great velocity. By means of these two together I have an underwater speed, Mr. Kerrigan, which no submarine engineer has ever to dream of dared."

I suppose I bore a puzzled expression, for:

"Sounds like mumbo-jumbo," said Hopkinson. "But of one thing I can assure you—these things really *go!*"

"Where are the torpedo tubes?"

Hopkinson laughed gruffly.

"The Doctor's ships come out of Alice in Wonderland," he said; "they carry no torpedoes."

"No torpedoes? Then of what use are they in war?"

Again the German shook his head enviously.

"Again it is Ericksen. I have no periscope, but I have a complete view of sea for miles around which reaches me from a float or several floats and is thrown upon the control screen in the conning tower by the improved television which we have. These floats or buoys, of which I shall presently show you several models, are operated from the firing turret. They remain in contact by means of

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS TO ME

by John Barrymore

In a world in pieces, I am at peace, a felicitous state which lets me echo with thousands of our darker fellow citizens that peace, it's wonderful. The secret of this peace is my increasing conviction over my numerous years that I, myself, am a democracy. My wives and the alimony courts have tried to pry this freedom away from me. They have got almost every other possession of mine, but this is nonnegotiable, being merely a principle by which I live.

For democracy, in my definition, is an individual art which each free man and each free woman—if there are any such—must practice in a personal way.

In perilous times like ours, democracy may seem a little like the illuminations that monks used to put on their monastery books. That illumination did not alter the ancient, often commonplace, meaning of the words on which it was lavished, but it did raise the completed page to the level of art and a collector's item.

Thus today, if democracy seems in danger of its, too, becoming a collector's item, let us remain serene. The men who created those books died but their art remains. Even so, we who believe in democracy may die, but the art of democracy, which means the individual man's individual expression of freedom and thought, this democracy which is an illumination of the human spirit, can never perish so long as even one man shall live.

a cable operating over a drum of a material so light and yet so strong—a preparation of the Doctor's—that half of a mile of such cable weighs only twelve pounds, yet the float can be towed back upon it."

"But what are the objects of these floats?"

"They are motor-driven and radio-steered. Each carries an Ericksen projector."

"Ericksen again," murmured Hopkinson.

"True—too true. The range of such a projector is limited. Some day, no doubt, it will be increased—the Doctor is carrying out experiments—but at present it is limited. When the float is within range of its target, the operator—we carry no gunnery officers—directs the wave—"

He paused, drew a deep breath, and extended his palms.

"There is no substance, Mr. Kerrigan, no form of armor plating, however thick, which is not destroyed by it as if through a paper bag one push one's finger. From here, our base, we control every movement the United States could make. A fleet of one hundred Sharks—we have more than one hundred—could destroy the whole shipping of the Caribbean in a week."

"What is your speed?" I asked.

"It increases as I dive. At twenty fathoms it is forty knots."

"What!"

"On the surface as you see me now, it is only fifteen. But I have no occasion on the surface to remain. My motive power, my armament I draw from the elements through which I pass. I require only material provisions for my crew, and I carry six."

ALTHOUGH you belong to a wiser and more imaginative race," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "as I have already observed you are curiously English in your outlook. The German hordes overrun Europe. But other governments of the world, including the government of the United States, continue to treat with them as with equals. I use the methods of those German hordes, but more subtly and more effectively. Quality rather than quantity distinguishes the master. Yet, because I hold no diplomatic portfolio, I, Fu Manchu, am a criminal."

He drew himself up to his great height, a grotesque figure in that prosaic office deep in the heart of an extinct volcano.

"Yes, you possess a good but not a first-rate intelligence," he went on musingly, his voice now low; "you have trained powers of observation. You possess that Celtic fire which, transmuted, sometimes produces genius. You are a man who honors his word; I recognize one when I meet him, since I honor my own. I could take other steps but I trust my judgment. The world is in the balance; I hold in my hand that decimal of a gram which shall determine which way the scale tips. I am going to send you as my nuncio to Sir Denis Nayland Smith and the American authorities. Neither he nor Washington government has communicated with me."

Only one thought entered my mind at that moment: Smith had escaped—Smith was free! Thank God for this knowledge! Smith was free!

"You will say that my services are at the disposal of the Allied governments and of the government of the United States. You will tell him what you know of my facilities; and you will make it your business to bring him back with you, entrusted by his own government, by that of the United States, or by both, with plenipotentiary powers to negotiate—not with a criminal but with one who holds the destiny of the world in his hands. I have said that I am prepared to accept your word; but Sir Denis, being bound by no such obligation, might forcibly detain you. Therefore I shall take steps to limit the time of your absence; you will have seventy-two hours in which to return. It is a painless operation: I shall operate personally. You may decline this commission if you wish. It is now six o'clock. I give you one hour. Report to me here at seven. . . ."

FACED by this ghastly prospect, I wandered along the busy quays of that subterranean dockyard. No one paid the slightest attention to my presence. I walked straight ahead—aimlessly—hopelessly—thinking. For me it was the end: I should never see Ardatha again; for that Nayland Smith should compromise with Dr. Fu Manchu was a thing unthinkable. Yet, whatever became of me, heaven be thanked! Smith was free; the fight went on!

And now, as I wandered along past groups of workers, some of whom glanced at me but none with any evidence of curiosity, an explanation presented itself: In my shabby drill suit, my skin reduced by the hot sun to a dusky brown, I was indistinguishable from many of the laborers; they mistook me for one of the belowground staff!

At the head of some steps against which a boat was tied up, a man dressed almost as I was dressed sat splicing a length of rope. There was no one within twenty yards of the spot, and for this reason I particularly noted him. His bowed shoulders were turned to me as he bent over his task. I had almost passed him when he spoke:

"Don't stop — don't look back. Walk right ahead."

The speaker was Nayland Smith!

What is Nayland Smith up to in this stronghold of Fu Manchu? Why hasn't he escaped from the trap? Is he planning a showdown with the all-powerful Chinaman? The final curtain rises and falls on this stupendous drama in next week's Liberty—and what a climax! You'd never guess.

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Madame Pompadour—of Rumania

FULTON OURSLER

FOR A LONG time the world and his wife have been talking behind the hand about Magda Lupescu. Most of the stories they told about the mistress of the Rumanian king were ignorant prattle—and the newest yarn almost invariably contradicted its predecessor. Still they talked about Magda of the light red hair. No one who knew her well ever called her Magda, because her real name was Magdalena and her friends called her Elena or Leni; only reporters called her Magda. But as Magda she was talked about from Bucharest to Billings, Montana; from Vienna to the Bund in Shanghai. "They" said that she was a Jewess; the fact was, she had a Jewish father and a Christian mother. "They" said her father was a junkman from the Ghetto; actually, he was one of those rare Jews in that part of the world allowed to live among Gentiles; not a junkman, he was an apothecary. These mild mistakes are a sample of the misinformation that has been spread abroad about Magda Lupescu. Now, with recent events in Rumania fresh in the public mind, a new curiosity about this sweetheart of a king has been growing with each new and horrifying dispatch from Rumania. The Iron Guards have waded through blood to avenge the wrongs of the reign of King Carol. The monarch runs away, with his beloved mistress close at his heels. They are reported in Spain, with Hitler trying to coax them over his border, where partly Jewish mistresses would certainly be bold to go. Will they come to the United States? There is talk about that, too. Ah, but would they be allowed in? "Why not?" some one replies. "All the other refugees get in." "But what about moral turpitude? Remember Maxim Gorky! Remember the Countess Cathcart!" So goes the talk back and forth about Carol, the flying king, and Magda, his uncrowned, unwed queen. Or are they unwed? There is another rumor that they have been secretly married for years. In wedlock or not, what is the secret of Lupescu's hold over Carol? Think of the victories she has won—over his wife, over his mother—that amazing mother, Queen Marie—over Carol himself! What is her weapon? Is it merely a powerful attraction of sex? Or does it lie in intuitive understanding and sympathy?

The answers to these questions are brought to you in Liberty next week from your old companion in many a vicarious literary adventure, Frederick L. Collins. He it was, as you may remember, who recently wrote a popular series of articles about Hélène de Portes, called Du Barry 1940. Revealing as that serial certainly was, it did not have the sweep and royal pomp of this newest of Mr. Collins' tales from the private lives of European statesmen. Magda Lupescu has played an extraordinary role in the history of our times, and Mr. Collins tells the story with a full realization of its significance. It might be called a post-amortem.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is back again next week, talking about reprisals for German *Schrecklichkeit*. He is very brief and to the point, which is an improvement on some of the writing he used to do; but his point of view remains immutably his own, and that means a certain amount of common sense. Senator Vandenberg is another of our contributors to return, this time with a surprising defense of our electoral college system. Perhaps you feel, as do I, that it is an outmoded piece of machinery in our Presidential elections. If that is your view, Senator Vandenberg will probably surprise you with some excellent reasons for retaining the present method of operation. I am not wholly convinced, but I must admit the Senator's arguments are persuasive. For the young and the happy there is an article about Kay Kyser which the old and the unhappy would do well to look into. I was never very much excited about Mr. Kyser's broadcasts, but this story about him made me like him better than I could ever like swing music, which sounds to me like the echoes from hell. Incidentally, it was not Mr. Kyser who recently had the vicious bad taste to jazz Adeste Fideles. Whoever it was, he should know how he has outraged millions of Americans. Thomas Craven's Art Quiz is another fine feature. If you don't know anything about art but know what you like, this may give you a new perspective. You are bound to enjoy Sally and the Statue, by Frederick Wight, and Lady Golden Lotus, by Neill C. Wilson, two really fine short stories. There will be full installments of all the current serials, and, of course, your favorite departments.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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COVER BY KARL GODWIN

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LEFT: Here you can see what Nature's Protective Blending does to protect the red fox. So easily does he elude the hunter's searching eyes, that dogs must be used to track him down.

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